

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1918

NINEPENCE.



A BEAUTIFUL SPANISH DANCER WHO HAS CAPTIVATED NEW YORK: SENORITA TORTOLA VALENCIA.

Senorita Tortola Valencia, the well-known Spanish dancer, has lately been winning new triumphs at the Century Theatre, New York. Her répertoire includes a graceful Maja Dance, a Hindu Dance—writhing

and sinuous—and a Gipsy Dance of a highly emotional character. American playgoers compare her to Carmencita, who, like her, captivated New York, now some twenty years ago.

Photograph by Count Jean de Strelczi.



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

AIR-RAID STUDIES.

I.

I WAS fed up with the raid. The guns had been banging and booming for three hours. At last came a sweet silence, and the longing for fresh air and the open sky was irresistible.

I found myself, presently, passing a great hotel devoted to convalescent officers. The hour was late, but a friend should be within. I slipped through the front-door and made inquiry.

At that very moment the "Take Cover" came through once again on the telephone, so I accepted a cigarette and studied life.

"You see," explained a child with two wings on his breast and one arm in a sling, "we sleep on the fifth floor, so they fetch us down in a raid. Isn't it rot?"

"If I could only go to bed," yawned another hero—on crutches this time—"they could have their raid!"

Shrapnel pattered through the glass roof of the Winter Garden, but nobody seemed interested in that. They talked, and grumbled, and jeered at the late-comers. Suddenly, though, the tape began ticking.

"Ha!" they cried. "Now we shall know! Come on!"

So we ran and hobbled to the tape, and I struck a match.

"CARPENTER TO PLAY," said the tape.

II.

The Exterior of a large store. Booming of distant guns. A clear sky and a brilliant moon.

Groups of girls in the doorways of neighbouring houses—some just back from the theatre, some in dressing-gowns, some with hair down, some acutely conscious of bare ankles.

On the pavement, two more daring than the others.

"Going in, kid?"

"Not me! I like it out here best!"

"And me! Member that time we stayed in the porch all the time?"

"Rather! And kept running into the road to pick up shrapnel!"

"Golly, wasn't the shrap. hot? Couldn't hardly hold it!"

III.

On the Tube. About eight-thirty on a night when, as it turned out, there was no raid.

From end to end of the platform a row of old women, young women, babies, little children, an occasional man. At the earliest, the raid could not begin for two or three hours. One wondered where our genius—save the mark!—for organisation came in, and why such folly and even cruelty was allowed.

In the passage leading to the lifts two youths, seventeen to eighteen years of age. Seats on the floor, cigarettes, "blood"-novels.

Not old enough for the Army, and too young, therefore, for any sort of training.

Jeers from the passing populace. Prompt obscenity from the youths.

A thrifty country in time of War.

The New Criticism.

"An extremely strong programme is provided by Mr. Gamut at the Horoscope this week. Top of the bill is Miss Eleanor Pipelight, to whom every tribute must be paid. Her voice carried well through the noise of the guns, and she has evidently studied the exact pitch necessary for these occasions. We wish the same could be said for all our variety performers. There is a lamentable tendency to make a raid an excuse for slovenly work. This must be stopped before it goes further."

"Jack Table, at any rate, cannot be held to blame on this score. His tricks with the cards were as neat as ever. He never fumbled once, showing beyond all doubt that his nerves were under perfect control."

"Dolly Daystar danced very prettily. There was just the slightest hesitation, perhaps, when a bomb fell in the courtyard behind the handsome theatre; in all other respects we have nothing but praise for a very clever and amusing turn."

"The sketch, 'The Family Sausage,' was marred by a difficulty in hearing the lines. When will managers and authors take our advice and present wordless sketches on raid-nights?"

Quite a Small Matter.

We have so many overlords

in these days, and they are all so brilliant and so complacent, that one hesitates to point out the slightest flaw in the management of anything. I sometimes wonder, none the less, whether any of those intellectual demigods who drive about in beautiful cars at the public expense, and draw thousands a year of the public money by way of reward, ever take the trouble to visit such a humble part of London as a Tube railway?

The idea is almost blasphemous. I venture to assure these minor deities, however, that there are such things as Tube railways, that they are used by millions of humble workers who do not enjoy the use of lavish cars, and that the overcrowding at certain hours of the day will certainly lead to a horrible tragedy unless some

body—an Assistant-Sub-Junior-Minor-Deputy-Secretary, for example—takes a little trouble over the matter.

The girls in charge of the gates do their best; but they are only girls, and they have not the authority of a Government uniform. Tremblingly I suggest that there should be special constables at these hours to regulate the crowd, to see that the trains are not over-crowded, to see that old people and children are not pushed on to the live rail, to see that a few unnecessary but unlucky creatures are not crushed to death in the tunnels.

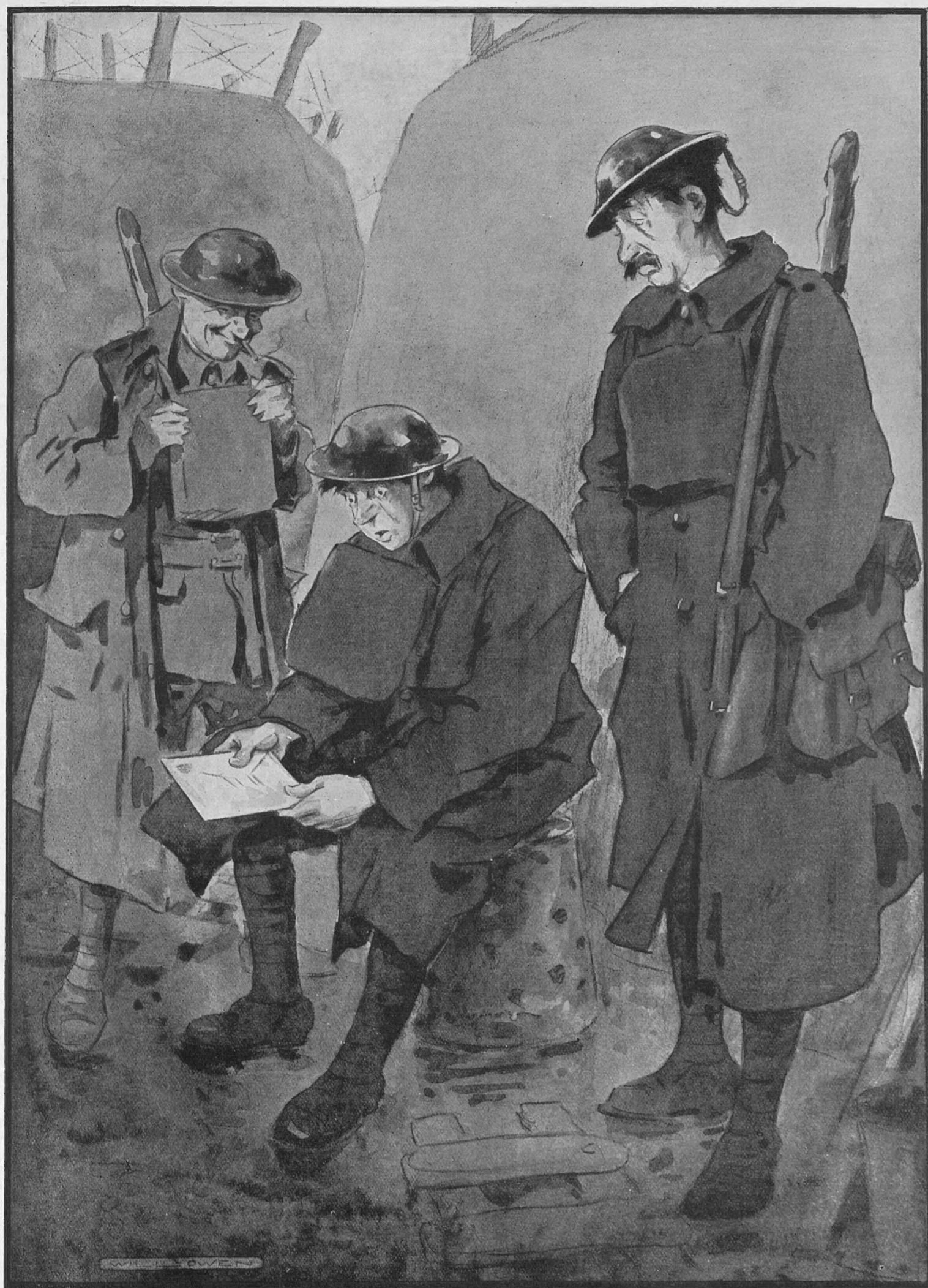
Still, after all, would it be worth the while of the Assistant-Sub-Junior-Minor-Deputy-Secretary? We must think of that!



THE AMATEUR BILLIARD CHAMPION IN KHAKI: LIEUTÉNANT J. GRAHAM SYMES ("J. GRAHAM") AND HIS OPPONENT, MR. "E. S. BOURNE."

The final of the English Amateur Billiard Championship, recently played off at Orme's Hall, resulted in a win for the holder, Lieutenant J. Graham Symes ("J. Graham"), who defended his title against Mr. "E. S. Bourne."—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

POINTS OF VIEW!



THE OPTIMIST: Bet yer it's a Valentine, Joe.

THE PESSIMIST: Seems ter me jest ther size o' a memorial card.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



The Donation of the Duchess.

Fortune of War Cafés, which provide light and well-paid work for our invalided men. The Duchess is not often seen in London; she is happiest in the country, encouraging her children to live an outdoor life. They have gardens of their own, and know a deal about their farm—young as they are.

Domesticated Society.

In the Park I saw Admiral Sir Percy Scott walking with his two little daughters; and in Grosvenor Square caught a glimpse of a well-known Society beauty wheeling a perambulator in which reposed her last baby. We are growing very domestic since the war. Near Sloane Street I saw Mlle. Juliette Mylo, very pleased at the success of her matinée at the Court Theatre on Feb. 7.

Standard—Low or High?

Shall we all wear standard dress? It does not seem likely. At a War Savings meeting recently, Mr. Austen Chamberlain told us we must wear clothes until they were practically ready to drop off. The next day or so one goes to a theatre and sees beautiful frocks—



"Broadstairs residents claim to have heard the cuckoo."—*Evening News*.

She writes plays, and acts in them.



AN ECHO OF LAST WEEK'S FOG.
"Ere, this won't do: it's yesterday's ticket."

"It's not my fault: it was to-day's when I got in the train."

the best-dressed women on the stage, I suggest should be pressed into public service when the standard dress arrives—if ever it does. She puts on her clothes with such an air, the State should engage her to show us how the regulation frock can be worn to the best advantage.

The Seat of the Unselfish.

People are taking Lady Maud Warrender's request seriously. Lady Maud has thought and said for some time past that all seat-holders at concerts, etc., who cannot attend should give their tickets to convalescent officers or men. If her seats were left empty on the occasions when she could not attend some musical event she would

HERE AND THERE.

regard it, she says, as a reflection on her generosity and a lack of courtesy towards the artists. Needless to say, these things do not happen with her. You will see there will be no empty seats at the concert she is organising at Wigmore Hall for March 16.

Roofing It.

If there is anybody afraid on raidy nights, it is not General Smuts. I hear that every time there has been a raid on London—and he has been here—he has watched the bombardment from the roof of a well-known hotel. Talking of bombardments, Mr. Alexander Erskine, who cures sailors and soldiers of shell-shock by hypnotism, says that fear can be banished by treatment. It can even be made to do the disappearing act by sufferers themselves.

All Work and No Play Would Make Jill a Dull Girl.

Lady Huntington, who has just returned from Ireland, is an advocate for play for girl war-workers. She was herself a V.A.D. for some time, then driver of an ambulance. She broke down under the strain, and now says emphatically that every girl war-worker ought to have a couple of hours a day, at least, set aside for play. Apparently the Government agree, for I hear the sugar-card girls at the Imperial Institute are being provided with a recreation-room, and encouraged to use it.



AN OFFICER'S WIDOW AS SCULPTOR: MRS. W. SHERIDAN AT WORK.
Mrs. Sheridan is the widow of Captain W. Sheridan, Rifle Brigade, who was killed at Loos. She recently finished a statuette for Princess Patricia of Connaught.—[Photograph by C.N.]



WIFE OF A FAMOUS NOVELIST: MRS. IAN HAY BEITH.

Mrs. Ian Hay Beith is the wife of Major Ian Hay Beith, better known by his pen-name of Ian Hay, author of "The First Hundred Thousand." She recently accompanied him on special mission to the United States.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

of Baron Emily Kinnaird was also there, and she told me much of the Charlotte Street Residential Club for Young Actresses, in which she takes such a keen and helpful personal interest. Miss Henderson, in her uniform of the Scottish Women's Hospital Corps, smiling as if she had never been through the campaign in Roumania, was another guest. Dr. and Mrs. Townrow, Mr. Wilson (secretary of the British Empire Union), Colonel and Mrs. Warner, and many people of note were also present.



AFTER THE TANK BANK THE DUG-OUT BANK: LADY CURZON (CENTRE) IN THE WAR BOND DUG-OUT SHE RECENTLY OPENED AT KENSINGTON.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

The Spring Straws.

The spring modes will be much appreciated by short women, the new straw hats boasting of a very high crown which lends several inches to the stature. Paris milliners are displaying quite a *penchant* for tulle just at present; ethereal, all-transparent hats of blac-



"Are your cats good rat and mouse catchers?"

"Doubtless, if their country calls them, but they've had no occasion to be, in my house!"

"It is proposed to register all cats likely to make good rat and mouse catchers... Cats whose qualifications for national service are insufficient will be refused registration—and destroyed."—*Evening News*.

net seem prettily inappropriate worn with high fur collars and warm winter clothes, but—*c'est la mode!*

Winter Work. A Scots country house is the place for an artist to work in, especially now during the war. You are miles and miles from your neighbours, cut off from them by an inadequate supply of petrol, winter sports cannot be played all day long, and so you take refuge in your work, and other people do not take refuge in your work-room—the Scots attend to the decencies of life. I saw recently a pile of manuscript which the Countess of Cromartie has turned out since she has been in her Scottish home. There are a good many short stories, and I think a book, in her well-known manner. She writes of recollections of previous lives, and has an uncanny gift of portraying other times, just as if she had been there. Well, perhaps she was. Who knows? Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle would probably say "Yes."

Blessed Indeed.

The number of French-understanding, if not French-speaking, people has vastly increased in London since the war; and on Sunday (the 3rd) the Garrick Theatre was packed by an Anglo-French audience who had come to hear and enjoy "La Volonté de l'Homme," the new play by Tristan Bernard, the amusing author of "English as It is Spoken." Mr. Jules Delacre, who



THE CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY AT WESTMINSTER. CLERGY IN PROCESSION.

This month's sessions of the Convocation of Canterbury opened last Tuesday at the Church House, Westminster.

Photograph by L.N.A.

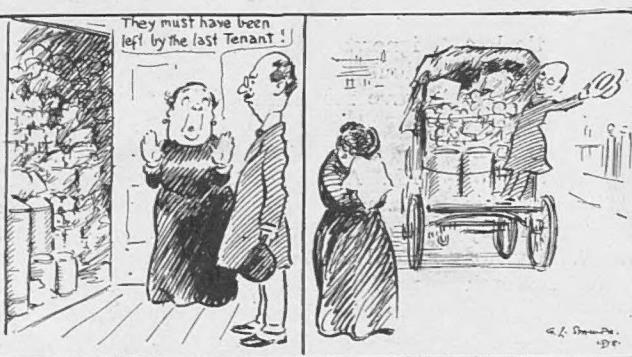
played the part of the man with a will, was admirable in naturalness and comicality. Mlle. Yvonne Arnaud, as the siren-governess, was given quite an ovation by her many admirers. This is the second season of the French Players, which, under the presidency of Mr. J. T. Grein and the direction of Mr. Jules Delacre, deserves and should have a long and successful career. "La Volonté de l'Homme" and "Nothing but the Truth" are the two most amusing plays I have applauded for a long while. Those who make us laugh in these morbid days, we will arise and call them blessed.

From Mayor to Major.

Mr. John Mitchel Purroy, ex-Mayor of New York, has just been appointed a Major (a difference of only one letter) in the Aviation Corps of the United States Army. As he is still a comparatively young man, upon his recent defeat in the Mayoralty election he tried to join the infantry service in France, but was unable to obtain a commission. He was one of the best Mayors that New York has ever had, but the forces of Tammany Hall were too strong for him, and he was snowed under (appropriate expression for a city that is feeling the coldest cold for forty-five years) by Mr. John Hylan. Mr. Hylan has created a great commotion by decreeing that Government employees shall remove their hats, *not* remove their coats, and refrain from smoking during office hours. *Vive la politesse!*



"Why worry about sugar?" is a pamphlet to be obtained from the National Food Reform Association. It only costs 2d. (post free), and you can stir any number of cups of tea with it.



WHEN THE DOOR OPENED WIDE, AND SO MOTHER HUBBARD GOT NONE.

Bon Voyage. After four months of hard work in starting the Australian Y.M.C.A. at the Aldwych Theatre, Mr. Leslie Jenner is soon sailing for home, *via* the United States, where he will spend a month studying Y.M.C.A. methods. He has been urged to take up the work of employing discharged soldiers in Melbourne. Mr. Young has now his post as head of the Entertainment Committee, which provides two performances every day—"No cinch," to speak in the vernacular. A ladies' orchestra under Miss Rosabelle



TIN-HATTED AND READY TO FACE BOMBS AND SHELL-SPLINTERS: L.C.C. AMBULANCE WOMEN PREPARED FOR AIR-RAID DUTY.
Photograph by Sport and General.

unfraught with distressful meaning: "A cold kept Mr. Justice Darling from his Court to-day." Mr. Justice Darling (Sir Charles Darling in private life) adds immensely to the gaiety of nations. His witty *bons-mots* are as eagerly awaited by his audiences as the opening of a sugar, tea, and margarine (hard "g," please) shop by a patient queue. In these drab days we could not really carry on without them. When arguments are prosy and (Court) life presses heavily upon his Lordship, he leans his head upon his crossed arms and appears to slumber. But appearances are deceitful. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he is alert to catch some unwary word let fall by a confused witness, or to tell counsel that the point upon which he is hammering has been amply established a dozen times. If necessary, he can be very severe. His accomplishments include French, in which he recently pronounced a sentence at the Old Bailey.

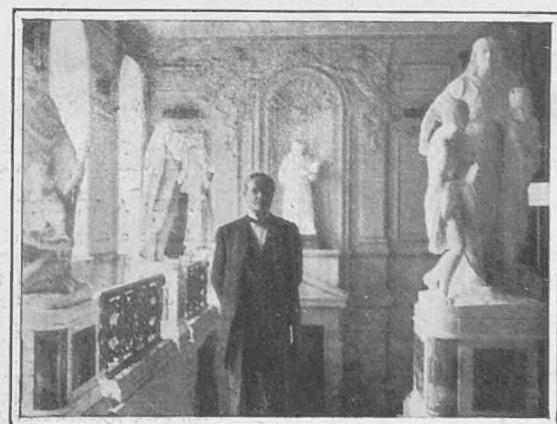
A Marquess does a Marquess at Court.

Not often grace our comparatively humble but vastly interesting police-courts. This happened last week, when the Marquess of Tweeddale—more Italian than Scottish in appearance, with fur-lined coat, and a ring oddly placed on the middle finger of his left hand, gave evidence in a case of fraud. As an officer in the 1st Life Guards, he was wounded

in France in October 1914, and is still far from well. He appeared without the approval of his physician, and sat during his evidence. He looked pale, ill, and rather bored; the archaic architecture of the Court and the learned legal library seemed to interest the Marquess more than the Court proceedings.

On the Easel. One of Ambrose McEvoy's pictures, which may never be shown, though I think it is one of his

finest bits, is the portrait of the young soldier-poet, Lieutenant the Hon. Evan Morgan—who has been ill for some time now, alas! There is a rumour that McEvoy may paint the poet's mother, Lady Tredegar, whose charm and beauty make her a quite delightful sitter.



THE FOOD CONTROLLER AMONG PEOPLE WHO GIVE HIM NO TROUBLE: LORD RHONDDA.
Lord Rhondda is here seen among the statues he has presented to the City Hall, Cardiff.—[Photograph by Topical.]

Watson is permanently engaged; and the other afternoon I heard Miss Muriel Pearson and little Miss Mildred Maude sing there. When the actresses' dressing-rooms were being remodelled for executive offices, I met a good-looking young officer who was gravely considering the removal of a long mirror opposite his desk. He thought the room must have been used by a very vain actress. I advised him to leave the mirror uncovered as a test of his own lack of vanity!

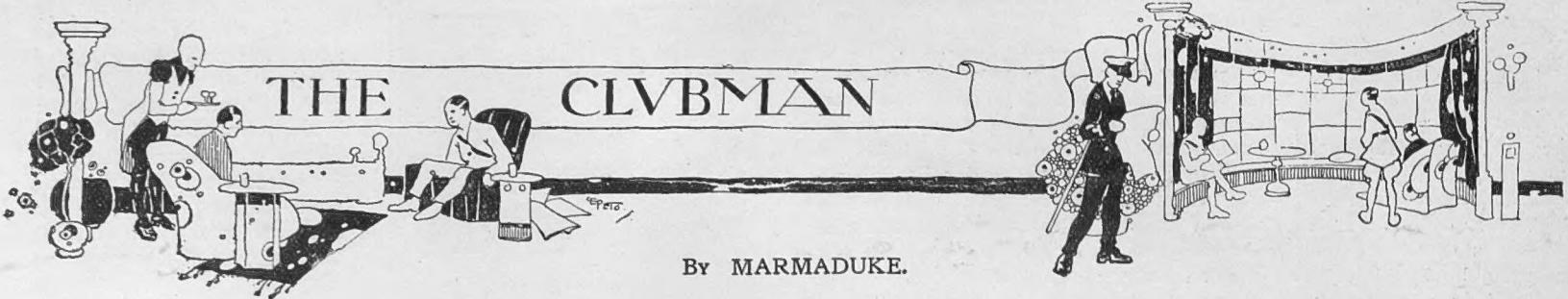
A Courtier's Cold. To none but the uninitiated is the following recent item of Court news unfraught with distressful meaning: "A cold kept Mr. Justice Darling from his Court to-day." Mr. Justice Darling (Sir Charles Darling in private life) adds immensely to the gaiety of nations. His witty



VINDICATED IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: LADY ANGELA FORBES OF CANTEEN FAME.

Lord Ribblesdale and the Earl of Wemyss vindicated Lady Angela Forbes and her canteen in a recent debate in the Lords. Lord Derby said that the closing of it "was not intended in any way to reflect on her management, nor on the zeal and ability she had shown in running it."

Photograph by L.N.A.



By MARMADUKE.

THE death of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild—familiarly known as "Alfred," and more widely as "Mr. Alfred"—which occurred on Thursday night, Jan. 31 last, has removed from contemporary English "Society," and from even the general life of London of the day, one of the most prominent, amiable, and popular figures of the time. By the majority of West-End men having experience of "Society" in sufficiently favourable conditions, the loss will be seriously felt, causing for them, besides, a change in the "Social Scenery" only surpassed by that arising through the death of the late King Edward.

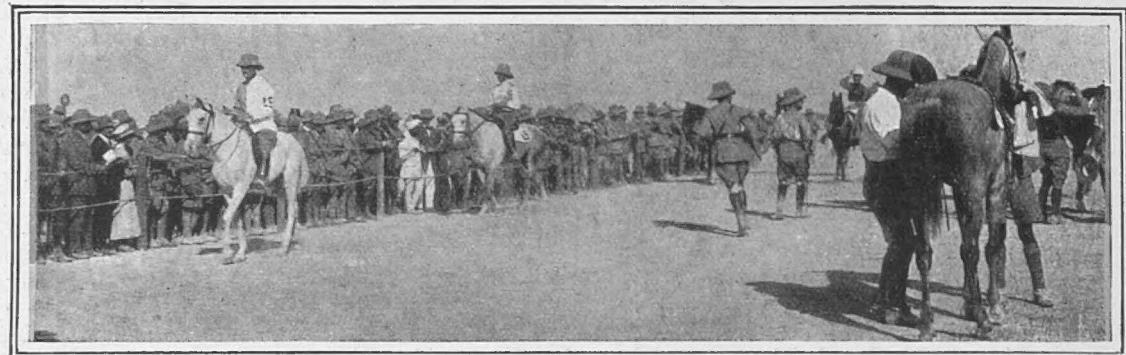
It is not, of course, to be claimed for Alfred de Rothschild that he was a "great" man; he was, however, an especially "human" man, with interests, tastes, and sympathies so numerous and various that they necessarily brought him into touch with an exceptionally large number of men and women, and of almost every class. Possessing enormous wealth, it may confidently be asserted that he seldom—if ever—neglected an opportunity of employing it for the benefit of any in need, or for the purpose of being of use or affording pleasure to friends, dependents, and even strangers. The sum "Mr. Alfred" spent annually in contributing to charities, giving presents, paying voluntary allowances and pensions, assisting those in business, and in a multitude of ways to the same effect not necessary to mention, was little less than colossal.

The late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild resembled in many respects the celebrated Horace Walpole—in some being superior to him; in others very, and obviously, inferior. As a collector—he was, of course, immeasurably richer—his taste was far more "correct," his judgment seldom at fault, and his knowledge of art unquestionably sounder. Upon the other hand, he had not the literary ability nor the historical and classical knowledge and capacity for research which were distinguishing characteristics of Walpole.

No one who has seen the stucco abomination, Strawberry Hill, at Twickenham—the "ideal" house Horace Walpole built for

furnished throughout with exquisite "correctness"; the pictures hanging upon the walls were even less remarkable for value than for beauty; his cook was a "peerless" *chef* whose standard of excellence never varied; and the wines and cigars were incomparable.

A story told of the three brothers—the late Lord Rothschild, Mr. Leopold, and Mr. Alfred—would show, if it be true, that they began their careers as art-collectors especially early. It is said that an uncle left them, when they were little more than boys, a sum of three or four thousand pounds; immediately upon obtaining the legacy the three attended together a sale at Christie's, spending the whole amount in buying a miniature apiece! To the art-collectors of the time this was a "contemptible and painful exhibition of



SPORT ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN THE PADDOCK AT BAGHDAD.

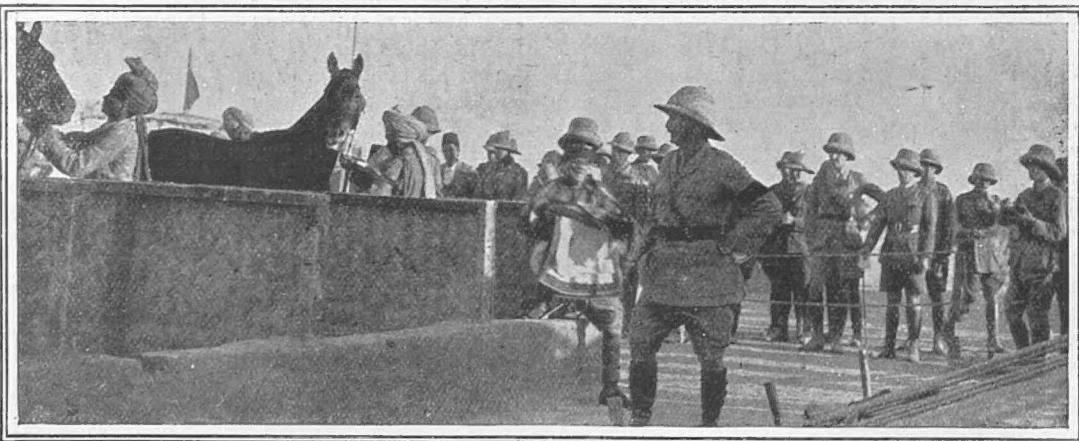
ignorant extravagance." The miniatures in question would, undoubtedly, sell for treble the prices now that the Rothschild brothers gave for them originally.

One of the best "bargains" that ever fell to the share of the late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild was the portrait of Miss Linley—by Gainsborough—which he bought from Lord Sackville either at the end of 1890 or early in 1891. It was understood at the time that Lord Sackville had frequently expressed the determination not to part with the particular gem from the collection at Knole; but the late Mr. Wertheimer offering him, on behalf of "Mr. Alfred," twelve thousand pounds for the picture, the apparently high price was too tempting to be refused. Were the portrait offered for sale at auction now, it would probably fetch forty thousand pounds at the least!

"Miss Linley" was the daughter of the musician, and eloped with Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whose wife she became.

Astonishment has often been expressed at neither the late Mr. Leopold nor Mr. Alfred having been raised to the Peerage: both of them had ample opportunities of obtaining titles, but resolutely refused all offers in this direction. A baronetcy, for instance, was offered to "Mr. Alfred" in 1892, which was sensibly refused, for as Mr. Alfred de Rothschild he bore a name that was a substantial power all the world over. The late King Edward—who was an intimate friend of his—fully saw the force of the argument, and, though wishing in every way in his power to show his friendship, soon abandoned the attempt to persuade "Mr. Alfred" to accept any honour that carried with it a "prefix" title.

There were, of course, drawbacks even to the life of the late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. At some remote period he had been told that he was suffering from heart disease and might at any moment be "struck down" through heart failure. Because of this, when walking in London or in the country, his brougham always followed some twenty yards behind; and, even when riding in Hyde Park, the inevitable one-horsed brougham could be seen keeping pace with "Mr. Alfred" on the "drive" that runs parallel with the Row.



SPORT ON ACTIVE SERVICE: A WINNING JOCKEY WEIGHING-IN AT BAGHDAD.

The Military Races held recently at Baghdad were a suggestive object-lesson in the British love of horse-flesh and of sport, which our officers and men pursue, as seen in our photographs, at all times and in all places. Here is seen, for instance, Private McSweeney weighing-in after winning the big race on the Baghdad Course with "Wiki," the fine, upstanding animal seen on the left.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

himself, which remained a continuous source of pleasure to him to the day of his death—can credit Walpole with having taste or, certainly, architectural judgment; it is a still standing memorial to his deficiency in both. Taste was the dominant feature in all that surrounded the late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild—taste, together with an inborn instinct, carefully and very accurately trained, for the minutest refinements of "luxurious living." Halton, in Buckinghamshire, and his town house, 1, Seamer Place, Park Lane, were

ASQUITH-POLLOCK: A BRIDE OF THIS WEEK.



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE EX-PREMIER: MRS. CYRIL ASQUITH (FORMERLY MISS ANNE POLLOCK).

The marriage of the City Chamberlain's daughter to a son of the ex-Premier, arranged to take place yesterday, Feb. 12, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, has created great interest in both civic and political circles. Miss Anne Pollock (Mrs. Cyril Asquith) is the daughter of Mr. Adrian Pollock, who has been City Chamberlain and Treasurer since 1912, and her

mother was the Hon. Mary Honora Rhoda Gully, daughter of the first Viscount Selby, well remembered in Parliament as Mr. Speaker Gully. Captain Cyril Asquith is the youngest son of the Right Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith, by his first wife, who died in 1891. He is in the Queen's Westminster Rifles, and at present engaged at the Ministry of Munitions.

Photograph by Claude Harris.

“P.R.” OF THE LONDON STAGE : SOME



IN "THE BEAUTY SPOT," AT THE GAIETY: MISS IVY KING.



"JOY" IN "THE BOY," AT THE ADELPHI: MISS MAUDIE DUNHAM.



IN "ARLETTE," AT THE SHAFTESBURY: MISS BERYL NORMAN.



AN ACTRESS ENGAGED TO AN OFFICER: MISS PAOLA RIVERS, WHO IS TO MARRY CAPTAIN L. C. NEWMAN.



A FAMOUS DANCER WEDDED: MISS PHYLLIS BEDELLS, WHO MARRIED CAPTAIN IAN MACBEAN RECENTLY

Miss Ivy King is at present appearing at the Gaiety, in "The Beauty Spot."—Miss Maudie Dunham takes the part of the appropriately named flapper, Joy Chatterton, in "The Boy," at the Adelphi.—Miss Beryl Norman and Miss Irene Flower are members of the "Arlette" company at the Shaftesbury.—Miss Dulcie Benson has been in the cast of "Inside the Lines," at the Apollo, since that piece began last May. Her part is that of Maria, a German spy posing as a cigar-seller at Gibraltar.—Miss Dorothy St. Ruth is dancing in "The Beauty Spot," at the Gaiety, with M. Jan Oy-ra and Mlle. Régine Flory, as the Goose

REPRESENTATIVES OF FAIR PROPORTIONS.



PLAYING MARIA, A PREPOSSESSING SPY, IN "INSIDE THE LINES," AT THE APOLLO: MISS DULCIE BENSON.



APPEARING AS THE GOOSE GIRL IN A BALLET SCENE AT THE GAIETY: MISS DOROTHY ST. RUTH.



A MEMBER OF THE SHAFESBURY COMPANY, NOW APPEARING IN "ARLETTE": MISS IRENE FLOWER.



THE EYES ABOVE THE PARASOL: MISS INNIS SHAWEN, NOW DANCING IN "CARMINETTA," AT THE PRINCES'

Girl in a ballet called "The Bird of Paradise."—Miss Paola Rivers has recently become engaged to Captain L. C. Newman, A.O.D. (formerly H.A.C.).—That well-known *premiere danseuse*, Miss Phyllis Bedells, was quietly married last week, at Marylebone Church, to Captain Ian Gordon MacBean, Sherwood Foresters.—Miss Innis Shawen is one of the four "English Ladies" who figure in the cast of "Carminetta," at the Princes' Theatre. The nine ladies may be considered a very satisfactory non-political equivalent of Proportional Representation.—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Bertram Park, Bassano, Lallie Charles, Foulsham and Banfield Ltd., and Yevonde.]



HONI SOIT QUI "MALE" Y PENSE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."*)

I AM not asking you to believe it, I am not even sure that I believe it myself; but still, there it is—there he was, rather—six-feet-odd of uniformed and gold-laced masculinity. As the two ladies to whom the story happened are the tellers thereof, it behoves us to receive it with courtesy and compels us to credit it; but who would have thought London was still so puritanical?

It happened at a West-End restaurant where the two ladies were dining alone *en tête-à-tête, faute de mieux*—or rather, *faute de plus "mâle"*! Then, after dinner, one of the two opened a dainty cigarette-case, while the other struck a match. But hardly had they whiffed a few times than an autocrat in a swallow-tail came to them and informed them to his regret that, "as the ladies had no gentleman" with them, smoking was not allowed.

Naturally, the two diners were disagreeably surprised, and asked indignantly for information—"But why not?" "What is the difference?" and "What an idiotic rule!" The *maître d'hôtel* merely shrugged apologetically. "C'est la règle, Mesdames. What will you? I can do nothing to it—me!"

"Then, if we had a man with us, we should be allowed to smoke?"

"Certainly, the ladies would be allowed to smoke then."

"All right."

A few minutes later, the two friends were whispering an order to a waiter, who went away, and came back with the resplendent porter who adorns the premises.

"Porter, here is a ten-shilling note for you. Sit down here for a few minutes, will you, while we smoke our cigarette?"

And then, ignoring the giant in livery sitting at their side, and the undisguised interest the incident was causing around them, the two friends, puffing away, resumed their conversation.

What woman wishes—!

We women must be hardy creatures, in spite of our delicate looks. Lunching at the Ritz one very wet day, I noticed we all wore thin and pretty shoes, and most of us had to walk or capture a penny bus in order to keep our rendezvous. By the way, that reminds me: at this luncheon a very smart woman said in a tone of surprise that

PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON

GLADYS FETO

she could not get a taxi that morning, and in an aggrieved voice said she had actually had to travel by bus. The look of surprise on every face was not due to the statement that there were no taxis, but that someone had actually that day tried a bus for the first time. "What a back number!" whispered my *vis-à-vis*. She must have been living in the wilds. All civilised people know the taxi is as rare as the gazeeka, and the conveyance *à la mode* is a perfectly good motor-bus.

I saw my first daffy-down-dilly a fortnight ago, and paid it homage. It is a wee bit previous, because the poet says daffodils come with March, and poets ought to know. I suspect a French gardener. And I have heard of the first primrose—so spring is not so far off. Richard Pryce, the Welsh novelist and playwright, gave us the primrose news at a luncheon. We were a happy crowd. Richard Pryce tells inimitable Cockney stories inimitably. Annie Schletter, who has played so often with Du Maurier, was amusing about her experiences in hospital—she is a nurse at the Italian hospital; and Mr. Ernest Thesiger and his brilliant wife, Lieutenant Latham, and Lieutenant Innes Ker Ballantyne all put forth their best—and a very good best it was.

Lieutenant Ballantyne was telling about Serbian and Macedonian etiquette, which provoked Mr. Thesiger into giving some "bits" from an Elizabethan book on etiquette, one of which was

"Never drink until you are out of breath," and "Don't blow bubbles in your soup." Someone ought to make a collection of these books; even recent ones are funny. An early one I own advises "ladies not to play whist or chess, or what may be called cast-iron games, which tend to indurate the feelings." What about these ardent bridgers—yes, what?

"Living in the wilds."

Charladies on the present situation as regards food are very interesting. One nice, bustling little woman complained about these "queers" which make her late for work; and, in dealing with the food problem, remarked a deal of food was still being wasted by public bodies. At one big place a friend of hers saw quantities of food being put into "refuge" bins. Dealing with her own prowess in household management, she concluded "My husband 'e says to me 'I don't know how you do it, Mrs. Grey, but you do make this 'ouse smell eatable!'"

There are few really comforting air-raid stories, but here is one. A pretty maiden with a bashful lover who would not propose thought of a way of melting his shyness and getting him to offer marriage. She noticed a slight mist one evening which threatened to grow. Her house was near a railway line. She discoursed of raids and their terrors on the way home. After dinner they sat awhile, and she noticed with satisfaction the fog thickening. He was blind to all save her charms.

Presently a fog-signal popped off impertinently, interrupting a sweet though non-committal conversation.

She gave a ravishing little shriek and buried her chignon under his chin. "The guns! Thank heaven you are near me! I don't care now—we die together!"



"Golf . . . is beneficial to the health of les blessés."



"No, dearest; let us live together," he corrected in the usual mere man manner.

One is apt to be romantic on raid nights. What can one do when the other one clings to one but let oneself be won? *Voilà*—and that's how she managed it.

Do you know what a "zircon" is? It comes from India, and, I believe, is very little known here. I, for one, had never seen it until the other day. The zircon I saw was mounted as a ring, with small diamonds guarding it all round; but I can imagine how delicious it would look as a pendant—just the light blue stone by itself, suspended on an almost invisible platinum chain. *Messieurs les fiancés*, if you want to match her bright, limpid blue eyes, you know what to give her.

Pretty Helen Morris has grown a halo—on her hat. She was talking animatedly to someone nice in khaki in the Park, and, when she tipped back her golden head, revealed a gold lining to her hat which shone out like a halo round her face. Not the sort of hat for a grass-widow, I am thinking—she is to be the grass-widow in "Billetted," with Vedrenne and Eadie's spring touring company. You remember Iris Hoey in the part.

I am cross—I am very cross, Here are we poor Londoners choking, laryngeful of fog, sneezing with débris of shrapnel, wondering whether there is such a thing as the Sun or whether it is not all Mars—and Peggy, the little beast, is writing me swanking of the blue splendour of the Côte d'Azur!

You are a pig, Peggy, my dear—and I so envy you!

"Since it is impossible that you visit us, I must try and send you *des nouvelles* from the Côte d'Azur. Things have looked up since the turn of the year, and, although not its festive ancient self, the Riviera is providing glorious weather and a moderate amount of amusement. The smaller of our villas have opened their green-shuttered eyes, and there are thirteen columns of *arrivés* in the *Indicateur de Cannes*. *Moi, pour dire la vérité*, I prefer Nice to Cannes. It is less select, but more cosmopolite and amusing; so, in spite of the *train omnibus* by which I have to travel, I go very often over there. My train-ticket allows it, since I help with various *œuvres de guerre*. The Hotel Ruhl et des Anglais is full—lots of English and American officers, besides *distingués* French people.

Don Umberto del Valle, of the Peruvian Legation in Paris, gave a *déjeuner* there the other day, and I recognised amongst his guests Princesse Louis Murat, Marquise de Fancourt, Vicomte et Vicomtesse de Morès, Comtesse de Talleyrand-Périgord, and Vicomte de Montauzan-Brachet. The well-known Spanish author, Vicente Blasco Ibanez, has arrived also at the Hotel des Anglais.

At the Winter Palace, Prince and Princess Albert de Broglie, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Leveson-Gower are staying; and the Suisse has quite a lot of people there, including Comtesse Jacques Aramon and Comte and Comtesse Albert Meens. Amongst those at the Hotel Brice are Comte and Comtesse de la Forest-Divonne, and Comte and Comtesse de la Salle; the last-named are indefatigable in organising *fêtes de charités* on a large and successful scale—you will hear of some very shortly.

As regards sport, the Cannes Golf Club—which is a sort of halfway house between Nice and Cannes—has more players this year than any season since war broke out. I noticed Sir George and Lady Colthurst, Sir William Milton, M. Louis Lagache, and the Comte de Contade out there the other morning. It is delightful, wearing a négligé sports costume, and driving (sometimes!) a good ball under a blue sky on emerald-green ground, with the incomparable

Méditerranée sweeping in curves to the feet of the distant gracious white towns, and a warm soft air caressing one all the time. (Don't, Peggy; you make me hate you!) Even Corsica, far away, has been clear and sharply outlined these last days, and the white mountain range (9000 feet high) has been recognisable.

Monte Carlo golf at La Turbie has been officially notified that it is beneficial to the health of *les blessés des Alliés*—and oh miracle, has had its motor-car service restored to it! I myself was in Monaco for a day or two, and enjoyed perfect weather." (You don't say what war-work took you, Peggy!)

The wounded English officers from Mentone and the Michelham Home fully appreciate the concession. I saw Lady Michelham with a party of eleven from her hospital.

The latest enterprises at Monte Carlo include the *Ouvroir des Alliés*, who have a room at the Park Palace to make surgical necessities for the hospitals. Lady Mar is President; the Hon. Victor Bethell, Treasurer; and Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, the well-known novelists—we may expect *peut-être* another *Roman du Sud* from them?—are amongst the most enthusiastic supporters.

The famous Galerie St. Hubert has *repris un peu* this year; the Hotel Metropole opened recently a reading-room for the benefit of wounded British officers; and, only think, M. Ciro has resuscitated, and his restaurant, with its scarlet carpets and glitter of silver and glass, is much engaged by *le monde chic*.

The Hotel de Paris has a long list of distinguished guests; and the less grand *voisin*, the Café de Paris, welcomes visitors to a 'British Officers' Afternoon Tea as you had it in England before the War' (no stops) 'fr. 2.50.'

The ex-Sultan of Morocco is at Nice. I wonder whether it strikes Abdul Aziz that at Morocco, as well as Monaco, it's all a gamble . . . the Riviera is a pleasant place in which to philosophise.

I suppose it is *triste* to end up with a death, but such a romantic passing as that of The MacDermot Roe, who died suddenly in Monte Carlo last month, occurs to me as interesting. He was sixty-three years old, and a well-known figure in the South. Captain French MacDermot, Lord of Moylurg, and descendant of Dermot, Prince of Leinster, who in 1169 helped conquer Ireland, was an artillery officer and something of an inventor—one of his last successful inventions was in connection with the destruction of barbed-wire entanglements. The name "Roe" meant red, and was literally the *nom de guerre* of the chiefs of the clan. The actual head of this family was The MacDermot, Prince of Coolavin."



"The primrose news."



"What woman wishes."



"Eve is apt to be romantic on raid nights."



SO Sunderland House is to be the home of a Government Department, and its owner, like so many others, must remove its treasures to make way for the typewriter and other paraphernalia of officialdom. The Duchess of Marlborough being a daughter of the States, it is quite appropriate that her new tenants should be the members of the American Commercial Mission, who must, one imagines, be congratulating themselves on the good fortune of war that has provided them with so comfortable a home. Incidentally, there will, I suspect, be weeping and gnashing of teeth amongst the philanthropists. The Duchess seldom failed to give her sympathy—and, what was more important, lend her ball-room—in aid of a good cause. The ball-room, by the way, is one of the longest in London—too long, some dancers say. At the first ball given in Sunderland House it was, if I remember rightly, found necessary to rope off the dancing space into two enclosures for that reason; and the mirror-doors provided another pitfall for the unwary. An interested world awaits the commandeering of the next house with interest. One can't help wondering whether it won't soon be necessary to found a Department to build huts for dispossessed house-owners.

Not Really Surprising.

Though one does not, as a rule, associate a knowledge of cookery with Psychological Research and a gift for Literature, it is not really surprising that Lady Glenconner should be announced as part-author of a joint work on the dishes one may eat in war-time—to which, by the way, Mrs. Asquith is another contributor. The establishments of which Lady Glenconner is the head were run on thoroughly business-like lines before the war. There was no parsimony, but neither was there any waste, so that the Glenconner domestic *ménage* suffered probably far less change than any other of its kind and size as a result of the "war economy" campaign. Practical knowledge as a housekeeper, however, does not prevent the mistress of Lord Glenconner's beautiful home in Queen Anne's Gate from taking an active interest in matters psychical, and any number of well-known people are always to be found at her drawing-room meetings, on what the outside world terms Spiritualism. The author of not a few books, Lady Glenconner was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature a couple of years ago.



ENGAGED: MISS AILEEN WALE.

Miss Aileen Wale's engagement to Flight-Commander Francis K. McClean, R.N.A.S., is announced. Flight-Commander McClean was one of the first English aviators to fly up the Thames in a seaplane, in the summer of 1912. Two years later he took a similar trip up the Nile, from Cairo to Khartoum.

Photograph by Hoppe.

Lord Beaverbrook. I was much intrigued by the statement that Lord Beaverbrook was to take on Sir Edward Carson's propaganda work. I can imagine no man better qualified for propaganda in a general way. Since Mr. Max Aitken, as he once was, landed on these shores he has "propaganded" himself in



A MILITARY WEDDING: MORRIS—DARE:

Miss Sibyl Rowena Morris, the youngest daughter of Sir Robert Morris, of Sketty Park, Swansea, was married on Feb. 4, at St. Paul's Church, Sketty, to Captain Harold Dare, M.C., R.F.A.

Photographs by Galloway and Barnett.



ENGAGED TO AN OFFICER IN THE DRAGOON GUARDS: MISS RUBY DE VERE FENN.

Miss Ruby de Vere Fenn, whose engagement to Captain Egbert St. B. Kirkley, Dragoon Guards, son of the late Mr. James Kirkley, J.P., of Cleadon Park, Co. Durham, has been announced, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. de Vere Fenn, of Richmond, and Mayfair.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

imitable style. He got, so to speak, straight off the boat into the House of Commons; he simply went down to Ashton-under-Lyne with a newspaper editor, Mr. Bonar Law, and a few friends, told the electors to elect him as the greatest thing then extant, and they did it. Then he became Sir Max Aitken, Kt., and Sir Max Aitken, Bt., and then imported into "Debrett" the pleasantly Colonial title of Beaverbrook. I suppose he will rise in the Peerage as Viscount Moosejaw, Earl of Biglick, Marquess of Dead Man's Gulch, and Duke of Roaring Camp. What he will "propagand," or how, I have not the slightest notion; but that he will make things hum to some tune goes without saying. No wonder the poor *Morning Post* is dazed; and, though an authority on such matters, hesitates to say upon what rung of the Peerage Lord Beaverbrook now stands.

"F. E." and the Americans:

Sir F. E. Smith has fallen a victim to

his own wit and how far to the American interviewer? I suppose it is a bit of both which has brought him into collision with the official mind of Washington. "F. E." has a biting humour which weight of law learning and the wisdom of his now mature years cannot always restrain. He is ready to score off friends as well as enemies—and, I think, enjoys best satirising a political colleague. The same dangerous gift belonged to Lord Rosebery, and accounted more than is generally recognised for that statesman's failure to co-operate long with anybody. In an emissary to the United States sprightliness of the kind is especially to be deplored. Not only are our American friends most sensitive, but they have long ago decided that an Englishman is a dull sort of being, and it hurts them to find him full of mental fizziness.

Tales of Hoffman. We hear a great deal about the cleverness of German propaganda, and no doubt the Hun is adroit enough in some of his methods with neutrals.

But he seems to have a contempt for the intelligence of his own people that leads him into singularly clumsy fabrications. Take, for example, the now famous account of the Battle of Oxford Street—how Scotch recruits were hurried from "Sheper Bush" to quell the rioters, how they refused to fire, and eighty men were arrested and sent to the "prison of the Old Bailey." After all, it is wiser to tell lies to people who may believe them; and so many hundreds of thousands of Germans know London better than they know Berlin that it is hardly likely that such a farrago of nonsense would long stand critical examination. Unless, indeed, the German in war-time is willing to believe anything, his own knowledge and experience notwithstanding, so long as it bears the Government hall-mark.

ENGAGED: MISS C. M. EASTWOOD.

Miss C. M. Eastwood, whose engagement to the Rev. N. S. Talbot, M.C., Assistant-Chaplain-General, second son of the Bishop of Winchester and the Hon. Mrs. Talbot, is announced, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Seymour Eastwood, of West Stoke House, Chichester, Sussex.

Photograph by Bassano.

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THE LATEST IN STAGE BATHING-DRESSES : EMPIRE STYLE.



In the Scene "I Should Have Said 'No!'" in "Here and There," at the Empire:
Miss Ellen Revol, Mr. Jay Laurier, and Miss Genée Wallis.

The bathing-dress has always been a popular feature of revue, as it was previously, and is still, in musical comedy. There are substantial reasons for its popularity. One is, of course, that it affords unlimited scope for the exercise of taste and ingenuity in designing novel costumes

that show off feminine beauty to the best advantage, for in the realm of Father Neptune fashion is not subjected to the same restrictions as upon dry land. Our photograph illustrates some of the latest forms that it has assumed, on the stage of the Empire.

Photograph by Bassano.



MARY CORY is a name that is poetry in itself, and it belongs to one of Lord Falkland's daughters. But it is her younger sister, Miss Letice Cory, who is mentioned just now as engaged to Lieutenant-Commander Ralph Neville, the eldest son of Admiral Sir George Neville. Talking of names, I hear that the two flying men sentenced to long terms of penal servitude by the Germans for distributing "fly-leaves" used to make merry over each other's patronymics. Lieutenant Scholtz—you know! But the Lieutenant had his revenge on Lieutenant H. Wookey, who, when the new sport of hawking began, was known as "Wookey Hawker," and has since wanted badly to be Hookey Walker.



ENGAGED: LIEUTENANT R. L. DUNVILLE.

Lieutenant Robert Lambert Dunville, Grenadier Guards, is the eldest son of Flight-Commander John Dunville, R.N., and was one of the keenest followers of the Meath Hunt, of which his father was Master for many years. His engagement to Miss Winifred Phyllis Combe, daughter of Captain and Lady Jane Seymour Combe, is announced. Both Flight-Commander and Lieutenant Dunville are now serving their country.—[Photograph by Poole.]

northwards to the top of Audley Street with a swing that sent the folds of his coat and the ends of his cravat flying like victory's own banners on the breeze. Lady Angela's father, a man of wit, and a poet to boot, for he felt in feet, would have delighted in Lord Ribblesdale's equable defence of his youngest daughter. Disraeli made Lord Rosslyn High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland—because he was so neat at an oath; and Queen Victoria, who liked him to dine with her, and who always hurried through her food, laughed at his jokes, and told the servants not to take away his plate until he had finished with it, instead of taking it away by rule when she had finished with hers. That, he said, was the best compliment he, who had many compliments, was ever paid.

Shortages. The Midlands are written down as "sodden and unkind" by Mr. Belloc, who—and perhaps this explains everything—once went to school in Birmingham. But the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton says she found everything very kind and resilient when

The Lady in the Lords'. It is a pious custom that the names of private ladies be kept out of debates in the Houses of Parliament. And a very wise custom too. We are spared the jealous acrimonies of Bedchamber Plots; and even the praises of ladies by their lords or their lovers, however amusing at first, would very soon pall. But Lady Angela Forbes is an exception to common rules, and Lord Ribblesdale left the House of Lords the other afternoon with the stride of a knight who had righted the lady he had known from the nursery.

He left on foot, and walked

she went the other day, in the interests of the Women's Land Army, to the city of the Chamberlains. A rally of farm-girls from all around were entertained by the local Women's War Agricultural Committee; and, in their picturesque breeches and smocks, they listened with delight to Mrs. Lyttelton's speech, racy of the soil. Short skirts are the best cure for short commons! And, as long as enough women work on the land, we shall not starve. That was the gist of a speech which Lady Ilkeston, Lady Rowena Paterson, and other listeners punctuated with applause. Mr. Belloc, by the way, spends three days of the week in London and three in his beloved Sussex, "beyond which," he assures us, "is nowhere." And he's a mighty geographer!

Overheard.

Lord and Lady Crewe have migrated from Crewe House to 46, Great Cumberland Place, let to them for a few months by Sir John and Lady Leslie, now staying at Glasslough, County Monaghan. The Leslies are quite "old inhabitants" of that great London thoroughfare, the population of which, like the traffic on its high road, is



LADY FOLLOWERS OF THE LIMERICK HUNT: MRS. MARSHALL AND MRS. M. MILLS McDONNELL.

Both Mrs. Marshall, of Lisnagree, Charleville, and Mrs. McDonnell, of Ballgada, Roscommon, are prominent figures at Irish jumping competitions. Mrs. Marshall has won many prizes. Our photograph shows the two ladies at a meet of the Limerick Hunt.—[Photograph by Poole.]

always very much on the move. For other Americans besides Lady Leslie Great Cumberland Place has had its strong attractions. Mr. Ridgeley Carter shared her taste, after a long look round; and at least the name Peter Salmon Dollar, at No. 18, struck an answering note all round. Colonial and American taste often tallies, so Sir Leander Jameson made his home at No. 2. Lord Beresford, at No. 1, wanted to call it "No. 1, London," but Apsley House had already copyrighted that address. Sir George Warrender and Sir Thomas Troubridge add to Great Cumberland Place's sea-breezy associations. A story is current about No. 1. When Winston Churchill passed its open windows on a summer evening on his way to dine with his mother, who used to be a neighbour, or with his aunt, who has now given place to the Crewes, he paused to hear Lord Beresford rehearsing the next philippic to be delivered at his own expense. So it was really quite stale when it was *Morning Post*-ed a few days afterwards! The experience must have been piquant, even to such a man as Mr. Churchill, long accustomed to the unusual, possibly he was rather pleased at possessing provocative power to invite it.



WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWERS OF THE CARLOW HUNT: LADY DENYS-BURTON, AND TWO DAUGHTERS.

Lady Denys-Burton and her daughters, Miss Marjorie Sophia and Miss Georgina Denys, are seen in our photograph at a meet of the Carlow Hunt at Oakpark, Carlow. Lady Denys-Burton is the wife of Sir Francis Denys-Burton, of Draycott Hall, Richmond, Yorks, and Pollacton, Carlow.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

THE SPINDLE SIDE: NOTABLE WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.



1. WIFE AND ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST SEA LORD: LADY WEMYSS AND MISS ALICE WEMYSS.

2. SISTER-IN-LAW OF LORD GORMANSTON: THE HON. MRS. HUBERT PRESTON AND HER BABY DAUGHTER, PENELOPE.

3. LORD CURZON'S ELDEST DAUGHTER, BY HIS FIRST MARRIAGE: LADY IRENE CURZON.

Lady Wemyss, formerly Miss Victoria Morier, is the daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir Robert Morier. Her husband, Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, a relative of the Earl of Wemyss, recently became First Sea Lord and received the acting rank of Admiral.—Mrs. Hubert Preston is a

daughter of Judge Kenny, of the Irish High Court. She married, first, the late Mr. R. S. Pringle, Queen's Regiment, and, secondly (last year), the Hon. Hubert A. J. Preston, M.C., Royal Irish Regiment.—Lady Irene Curzon is the eldest of Lord Curzon's daughters by his first wife.



From the Poster designed by Captain Spencer Pryce, M.C.

The NATION'S FUND for NURSES

Why it is necessary to provide and maintain a College of Nursing and to establish a BENEVOLENT FUND.

THE need for this Fund is that Nurses have no State register, no great centralized organization to regulate and safeguard the interests of their profession, no general entrance examination, no minimum number of hours for lecture and study during training, no uniform curriculum or qualifying examination, and no great centralized Benevolent Fund or Pension Scheme, though their work is most strenuous and their working life necessarily short.

The British Women's Hospital Committee, at the special request of Sir Arthur Stanley, Chairman of the College of Nursing, have undertaken the work of making known to the generous British Public the pressing needs of this cause, and are asking for contributions to the sum of £250,000 which is required.

IT is assuredly in the best interests, not only of the Nurses, but of the Nation at large, that the conditions under which the members of this most noble profession work shall be such as will continue to attract into the ranks the very best of the women of this country. The Benevolent Fund is for the relief of Nurses in old age, sickness or unavoidable pecuniary trouble, and those Nurses who have done so much in the Great War and who, through no fault of their own, may need assistance in the closing years of their life, will not *want for it in vain* if you respond as we believe you will.

READ THIS LETTER FROM SIR DOUGLAS HAIG,
Commander-in-Chief, British Armies in France.

G.H.Q., British Armies in France.

DEAR SIR,

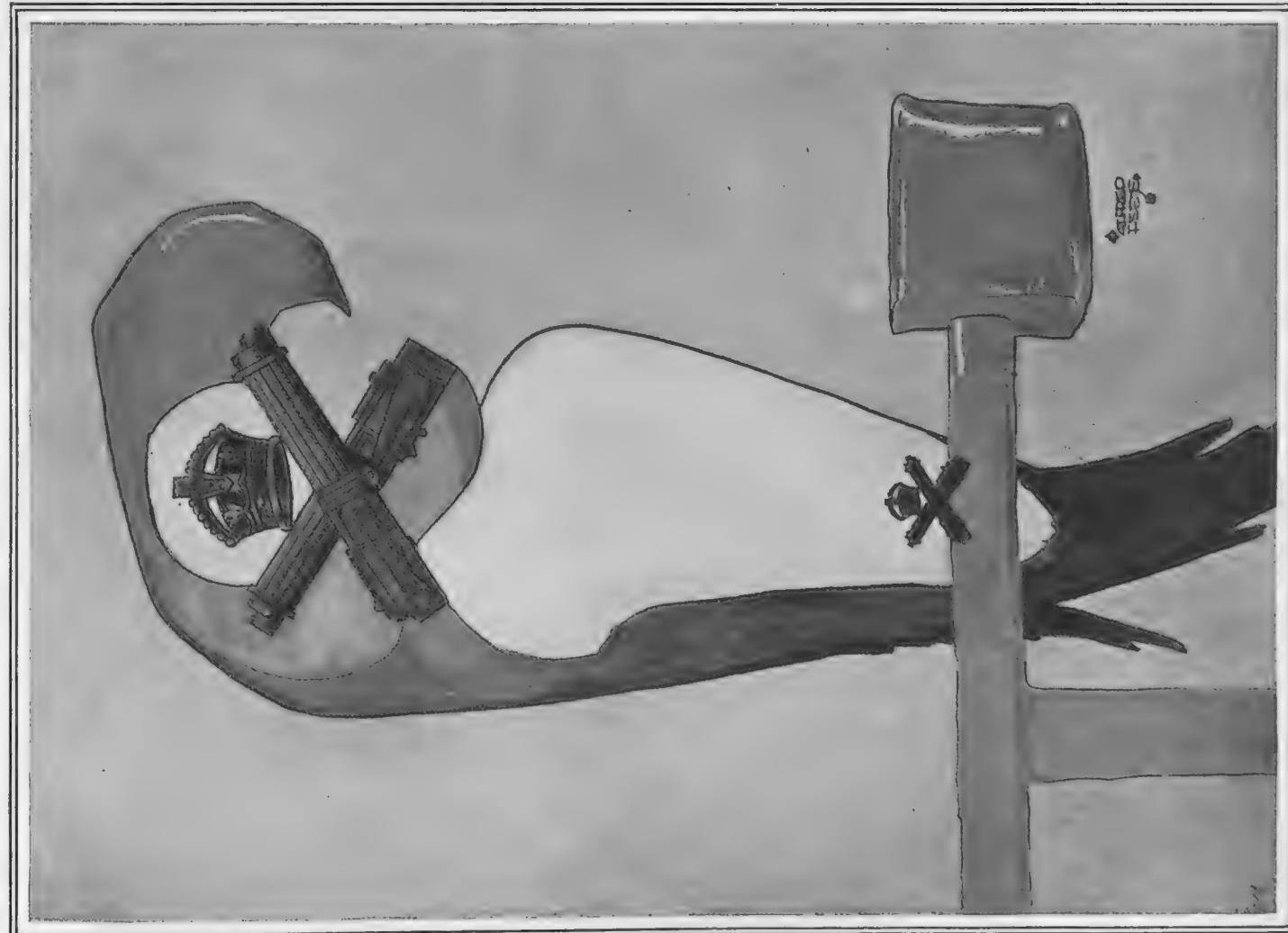
Your scheme for creating a fund for Nurses who have lost their health during the war seems to me to be most necessary. All of us in the Army in France keenly appreciate the splendid work they are doing at home and abroad, often under most trying and dangerous circumstances, and I can confidently say that they have gained the gratitude and admiration of all ranks of the Armies out here.

Yours very truly,

(SIGNED) *D. Haig.*

PLEASE SEND A DONATION TO-DAY, TO
The Viscountess Cowdray, Treasurer, 16 Carlton House Terrace, London, S.W.1
or to
The British Women's Hospital Committee, 21 Old Bond Street, London, W.1

MASBADGES ! REGIMENTAL MASCOTS AND BADGES IN ONE !

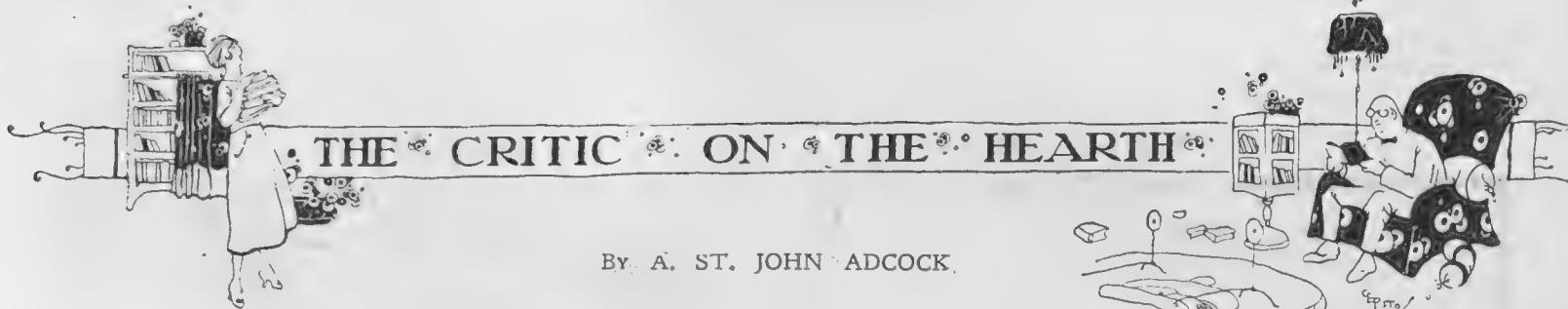


IX.—THE MCORPS BIRD (MACHINE GUN CORPS).

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEEPE.



X.—THE ROYAL DOG (THE ROYAL ARTILLERY).



By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK

SAGES—who get to know these things—have laid it down that, whatever else may have changed, human nature is the same now as it was in the beginning; and you can't produce enough evidence to put them in the wrong. I have just read an immensely interesting book on "Social Life in Britain from the Conquest to the Reformation," a compilation from early English and mediæval writers which certainly goes to show that the men and women of six to ten centuries ago were uncommonly like the men and women of our own era. They had the same vices and virtues; their democrats raged like ours, so did their jingoes, so did their malcontents who thought the Church was a failure. They even had their profiteers, who, instead of accepting the prices fixed by law and selling woodcocks and partridges at threepence and fivepence apiece, sold four woodcocks for twenty pence and refused to sell two partridges for less than a shilling, and were sent to prison. Also there was a Stratford baker selling bread in the Cheapside market who, hearing that the Lord Mayor was coming round with the weights and measures, got ready for him by bedding a piece of iron in one of his loaves, and was put in the pillory on Cornhill with the loaf and the bit of iron hanging round his neck. The only difference is that we are kinder; we occasionally put our profiteers in the House of Lords, but never in the pillory.

One of these mediæval authors, having warned us that it behoves men to beware of women, goes on to catalogue the qualities of the thirteenth-century girl. He says she is "more meeker than a man; she weepeth sooner. And is more envious, and more laughing and loving; and the malice of the soule is more in a woman than in a man. And she is of feeble kind, and she maketh more lies." Is the girl of the twentieth century like that? she is.

Beatrix Vanderdyke, in "Scandal," is not meeker than a man, but she undoubtedly makes more lies. The daughter of a millionaire, she is so scornfully indifferent to conventions that she stumbles into an ugly scandal, and, to escape from it and placate her family, calmly announces that she is secretly married to Pelham Franklin, who happens to be in the room at the time, but is in no way responsible for her difficulties. They are not even in love with each other, but, of course, he has to play the game; and her family are rejoiced, because he is the man they had wanted her to marry. The delicacy of the situation is intensified by the fact that he is staying in the house, and is resentfully determined to make her pay the full price of her daring deception.

With none of Beatrix's self-confidence, Cuckoo, the heroine of "The Bag of Saffron," is equally untrustworthy. She is an ordinary, commonplace little person; nevertheless, weary of living in poverty, she leaves her husband, and is eventually unfaithful to him, and becomes the titular wife of the rich, somewhat elderly Sir Peregrine Janeways. And Marie-Louise Hyrst, the delightful daughter of the handsome, erratic poet, in "Mulberry Springs,"

takes to deception as naturally as either of the other two. Her parent having suddenly departed on one of his irresponsible wanderings, she finds herself in straitened circumstances, and seeks refuge with a doctor who had been a school friend of her father's and has just opened a promising hydro. He reluctantly arranges to let her stay there, and, for business reasons, she takes an assumed name and poses as a widow. She is supposed to be a mysterious but aristocratic patient, but is really an assistant, her duties being to get up entertainments, make herself attractive, and help to keep the other patients amused. Rumours arise that her late husband is a painful subject; and presently she is falsely identified as a foreign Princess with a past that is not to be mentioned. Hints of these things reach the ear of the headlong man who had fallen in love with her at first sight, as she had with him, and the results are disastrous.

Yet each of these three is essentially a good woman, and their errors give them opportunities of proving it. Even Cuckoo, in the end, receives from Sir Peregrine the bag of saffron which is an heirloom in his family and to be given only to the woman who has shown herself good enough to deserve it.

No women of this type ruffle it through the pages of "The Chelsea Cherub," for Cecil Roberts is an idealist. His tale of how two chivalrous young Bohemians, an artist and a poet, adopt a small and beautiful boy whose mother dies of consumption, and the romance of mystery and love that develop from their quixotry, is all as charmingly idyllic as any story of the Golden Age, and as pleasant reading. For contrast, you may travel far enough away from the Golden Age in "Flames in the Wind," a powerful, sombrely imaginative story of the Australian wilds.



WITH BRITISH TROOPS LISTENING TO THE BAND, AND A RAILWAY RUNNING THROUGH IT:
A SQUARE IN ARRAS.

War has made tragic changes in the historic old city of Arras, which, it will be recalled, was heavily bombarded by the Germans at an earlier stage.—[Official Photograph.]

Our novelists, anyhow, seem to think that

If you know Dixon Scott's "Men of Letters," you will not need me to urge you to get the new collection of his essays in "A Number of Things." Scott is one of those who died at Gallipoli, and his friends have gathered his contributions from various periodicals into these two volumes. The first, all of books and authors, confirmed his position as one of the most brilliant critics of his generation; this second reveals him in divers moods, and usually when he was more interested in life than in literature. His open-air studies—"The Winds" and "The Mysterious Road" in particular—are compact of description and reflection, and full of a subtle, sensitive feeling for the wonder and beauty of nature.

BOOKS TO READ.

Social Life in Britain from the Conquest to the Reformation. Compiled by C. G. Coulton. (Cambridge Press.)

Scandal. By Cosmo Hamilton. (Hurst and Blackett.)

The Bag of Saffron. By Baroness von Hutten. (Hutchinson.)

Mulberry Springs. By Margaret Storrs Turner. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Chelsea Cherub. By Cecil Roberts. (Grant Richards.)

Flames in the Wind. By Helen Hudson. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

A Number of Things. By Dixon Scott. (Foulis.)

Plays and Poems. By Nicholas H. Todd. (Selwyn Jackson.)

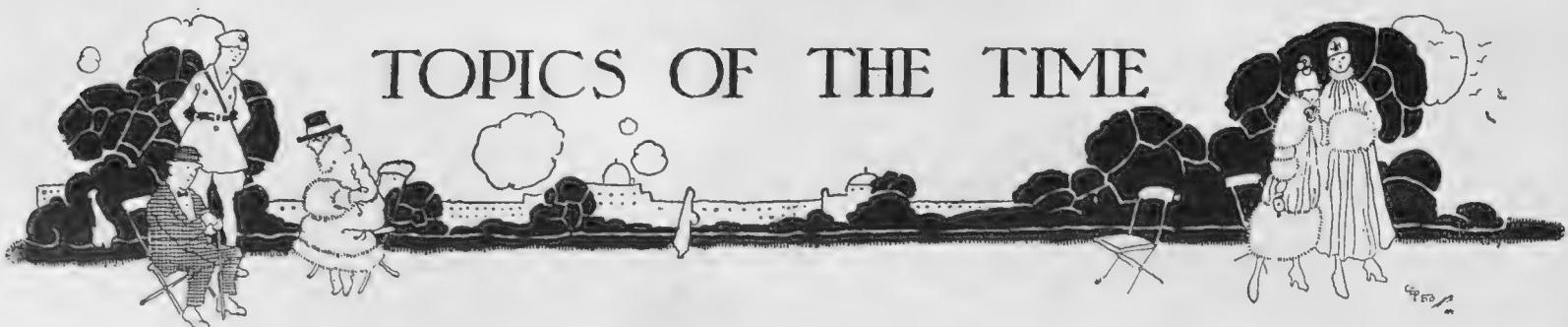
Life of Gladstone. By Herbert Paul. Cheap Edition. (Nelson.)

SARCASTIC!



THE COOK (*to the fatigue man, who has dropped the potatoes*): Come on, Drake if yer think I'm goin' ter wait till yer've finished yer game er bowls yer wrong.

DRAWN BY GERALD C. HUDSON.



YOU and I have been led nicely astray over this poultry business, haven't we? Only a very few months ago we were implored by the food economists, the irresponsible of whom possess a finer gift for getting into the newspapers than the responsible, to keep fowls and be our own egg-providers. We purchased ten pullets (quite a decent stock for a London garden), and with them all the expensive paraphernalia appertaining to their proper housing; and now we are told that we cannot obtain poultry food for more than one in twenty!

This means that we must immediately eat nine, at the risk of being prosecuted by the Food Controller; and put the unhappy survivor on half-rations, at the risk of being prosecuted by the S.P.C.A.! . . . By the way, how many eggs per day are you providing yourself with under these new conditions? To tell the truth, which is not always an easy matter with the poultry-keeper, I haven't been very successful yet!

We purchased ten Rhode Island Reds, did simple You and ditto I, with "patent" house and scratching sheds, at prices ruinously high. The "patent" perch, the "patent" door (with very patent rusty springs), the "patent" roof and "patent" floor cost more than all the other things. Our money melted like the snow; but were we once down-hearted? No!

We studied birds with gaping fits, and castor-oiled each fevered beak. (The Editor of *Poultry Bits* gave diff'rent remedies each week.) And now we've learned our poultry lore, and know the needs of every hen, we must not purchase food for more than half a fowl in every ten! A half an egg per day, or less! And are we now down-hearted? Yes!

St. Valentine's Day, as our fathers knew it, has been out of fashion for many years. It went out with wax fruit, velocipedes, and "ornaments for the fire-stove"—those Apostle beards of shredded paper which drooped and spread with such majestic serenity from the chimney, and flew up it again with such little dignity when the smoker, in a regrettable moment of absent-mindedness, threw a lighted match into the grate.

Girls listened for the postman's knock on St. Valentine's morning in the elder days. But the girls of yesterday were more easily pleased than the girls of to-day; and you and I can imagine the

and the forget-me-nots and the bleeding heart to the smoke of the breakfast-time fire.

"If you would be my Valentine," the modern flapper said, "you'll have to take another line of being it instead. No man my Valentine shall be by bribing me with trash. What's wrong with furs and jewellery?—Or else their worth in cash? No paper guy of crude design appoints a man *my* Valentine!"

It was quite umpteen years ago, if not more, that I last met the great Sherlock Holmes of Scotland Yard, William Melville, who has gone to find out greater things than it was ever given to his brain to



A HIGHLAND DANCE AT THE FRONT: SCOTTISH SOLDIERS KEENLY INTERESTED IN A PERFORMANCE BY KILTED COMRADES.
Official Photograph.

investigate on earth. The occasion was an Oxford and Cambridge night at a popular variety theatre, and he was there to "locate" a pretty little gang of Continental card-sharpers and blackmailers whose quarry was the young ducal greenhorn in his first dress suit.

Melville made a considerable bag of alien criminals that night, and I was rather dismayed to learn, a week or two afterwards, that one of them was quite an engaging young Russian with whom I had exchanged cards and social confidences at a Gaiety Girl supper at Romano's! We were to have lunched together a couple of days afterwards, but he didn't turn up, having probably discovered in the meanwhile that I was not worth powder and shot—in other words, that I was a journalist.

In reference to the death of Melville, a contemporary observes, "It would probably surprise some people to discover that their whole history during the course of the present war had been investigated by this officer." Aren't you feeling frightened? It has given me a dreadful shock; and, if I were a character in melodrama, I'd be plotting in moonlight and evening dress to possess myself of Melville's biography of "A. B. M."

If I'm not in the traitors' list at bonnie Scotland Yard, then Melville must have gone and missed a most suspicious card! For, though of British birth and breed, I've been since infancy connected very much indeed, it seems, with Germany!

I once financed the Fatherland by toddling from my house and buying from a German band two pennyworth of Strauss! (I mind me now the scowl of Max, as, with a wink at Fritz, he tried to blow me with his saxophone to tiny bits!)

My little boat that flew so fast across the Serpentine—the British flag upon its mast—were made beyond the Rhine! . . . My guilt admits of little doubt: I shall not rest until in justice I am taken out and shot on Tower Hill!

A. B. M.



SCOTTISH BAG-PIPES IN AN ITALIAN VILLAGE: A KINDLY HIGHLANDER PLAYS TO SOME ITALIAN CHILDREN.

British Official Photograph.

face of our fur-coated and silken-legged flapper of 1918 on receiving a padded square of white satin, with "hand-painted" forget-me-nots stamped in the middle, enclosed in a flat cardboard box edged with paper lace and cornered with salmon-pink paper Cupids! "I suppose the diamond wrist-watch is coming on later by registered post," she would say, committing the Cupids



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This battle-scarred Sergeant declares that although he was discharged from the Army as incurable, Phosferine has actually enabled him to entirely overcome his helpless condition — Phosferine re-animated his enfeebled nerve organisms, and so increased his vital force, that his stunned system was roused from its stupor and is now quite unaffected by his return to his old activities.

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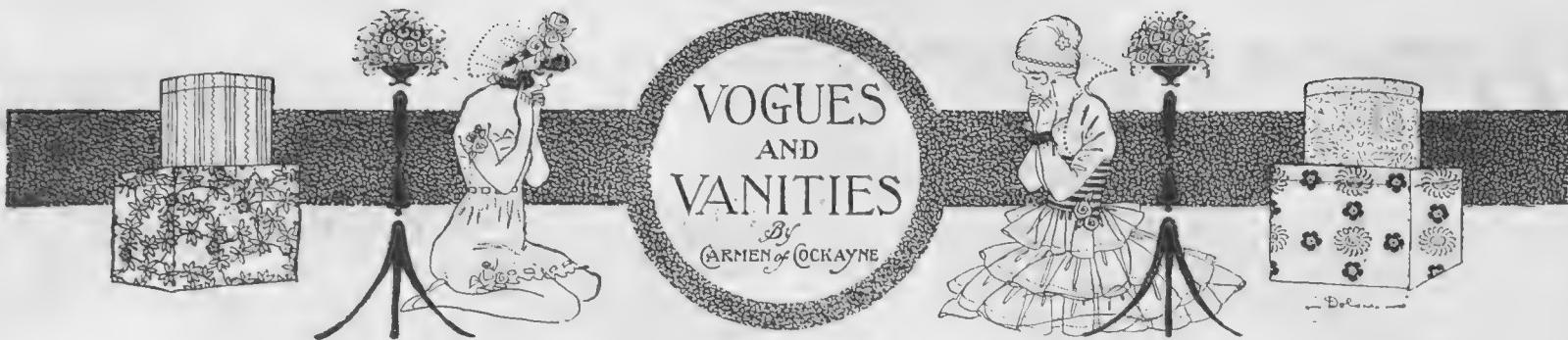
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A Valued Friend. Blouses, always an important item in the feminine wardrobe, become doubly so as spring draws near, and spring suits with it. People may talk of the disappearing coat-and-skirt, but no sooner do the days begin to lengthen than it assumes fresh life and vigour. A suit, however, isn't much use unless it is accompanied by the perfect blouse necessary to turn it into a complete toilette.

Still Full of Initiative.

Blouse-making, it would seem, is one of the few industries that remain unaffected by the war. Whatever happens, we are sure to stick to blouses—at any rate, up till the last possible moment; and what sensible person would care to indulge in gloomy reflections about a future bereft of them when many charming models at Robinson and Cleaver's, in Regent Street, help to make the present so pleasant?

Not Extravagant.

Of course, extravagance in any form is to be deprecated at a time when it is the patriotic duty of everybody to "tank" every available shilling. "Shirt-waists" designed for spring 1918 are far from being extravagant, either as regards material or decoration, at the house named above, where anybody who feels curious on the subject can study the infinite variety and charm of the modern blouse to their heart's content, and discover in the process that net—just plain Brussels net, that wears well and washes like a "rag"—is the medium most in vogue for the moment. Next to net comes georgette; and georgette too, provided due care is exercised, is by no means so fragile as one might imagine from its appearance. Dolores has sketched some typical examples on this page. The most critical will admit that they leave little to be desired either from the point of view of simplicity or charm.

The Little More.

Beauty unadorned may be good, but there are circumstances when the addition of a little ornament makes it look even better. So far as the plain net blouse or jumper—and one serves the purpose as well as the other—is concerned, the beautifying process is limited to a strictly rationed amount of hand embroidery placed on the fronts or the extremities of the collar, reinforced with edgings and insertions of narrow lace. Now and again you find the designers going further, as one of our illustrations shows, when a jumper affair, though it owes much to the perfection of its style and line, is greatly indebted for its success to the wide filet lace introduced in

front, and carried over the shoulders, and to the loose belt of picot-edged ribbon, powdered with sprays of coloured flowers, that indicates where the waist would be if fashion permitted us to own one.

There are also unexpected possibilities of beauty in pale-cream net. One way of developing them is to give an otherwise plain blouse a square collar, place decorative motifs at either side, and then outline the whole with narrow Valenciennes lace that exactly tones with the background.

Not True Now.

Any man will tell you that comfort is the last consideration that weighs with a woman in the choice of her clothes. Perhaps, in the days when pleasure was the main object in life, and nothing more thrilling than a change of fashion occurred to ruffle the quiet stream of one's existence, appearances counted for more than utility or convenience when it came to the business of selecting a new gown, or blouse, or hat, or anything else intended for feminine wear. But now that "chiffons"

don't occupy quite so much of our thoughts as they used to do, mere prettiness is not the determining factor in the choice of clothes. There must be comfort too, and it is just this desire for the practical that has led to the evolution of the jumper-blouse, which appears in so many forms to-day. Originally it was only intended as a workaday garment, but it was not long before the fashion spread to the boudoir and the drawing-room, and "jumpers" of silk and satin, velvet, and even priceless brocades are now included in the wardrobe of every well-dressed woman.

Beads for Beauty.

Others of delicately tinted georgette are not the least attractive of those on view at the Regent Street house, and it is impossible not to admire the cleverness that manages to compress so much decorative effect into a few beads and a thread or two of silk. To take an example—it is sketched to day—there is a delicate affair of pale coral-pink georgette with veining of pink silk that is sewn with graduated lines of coral beads. The surface of another is powdered with sprays of flowers in a delicate hyacinth-blue shade; and, though lemon-yellow georgette is delightful in any circumstances, it becomes more so when a delicate tracery of embroidery worked in silk the colour of the backgrounds breaks the plainness of its surface.

Filet lace can do a great deal when it comes to beautifying an otherwise plain jumper.



A blouse can be beautiful in war time, especially if lace and ribbon conspire to make it so.



Pleats for comfort and embroidery for ornament, and yellow georgette to make the whole.



Filet lace can do a great deal when it comes to beautifying an otherwise plain jumper.

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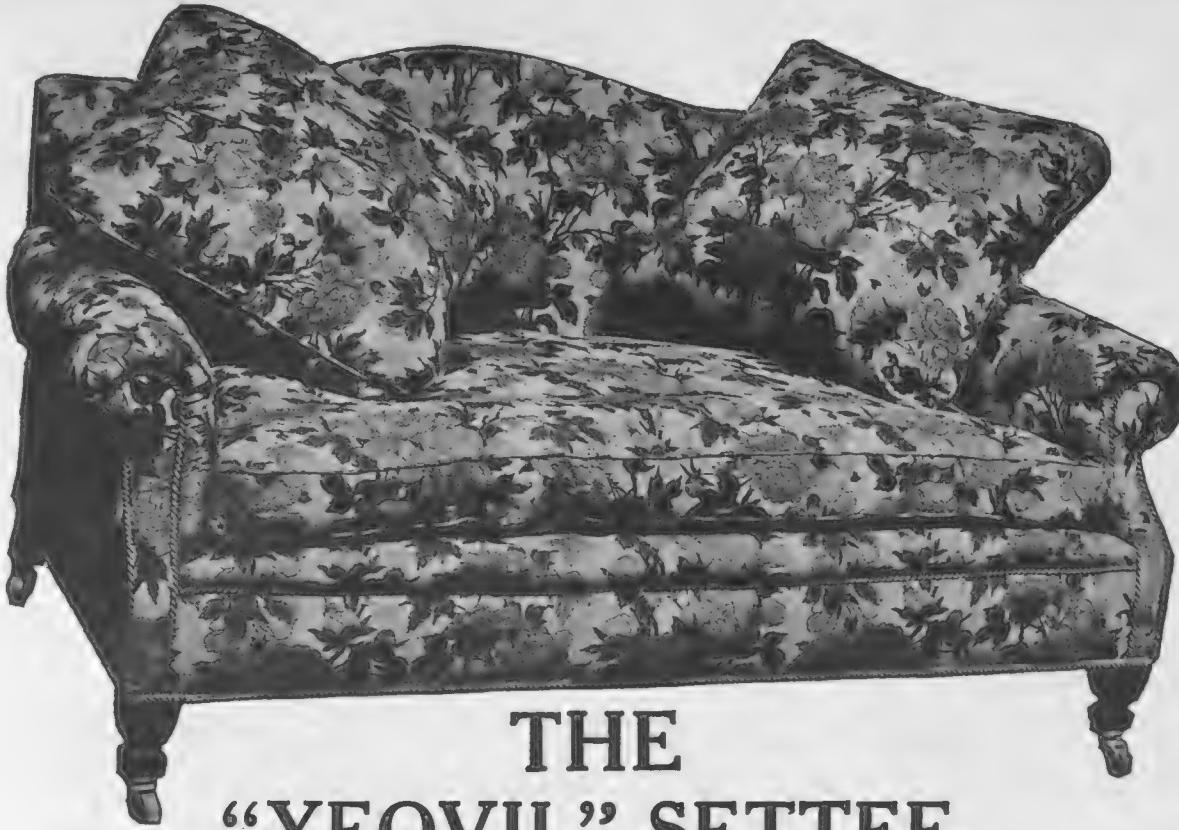
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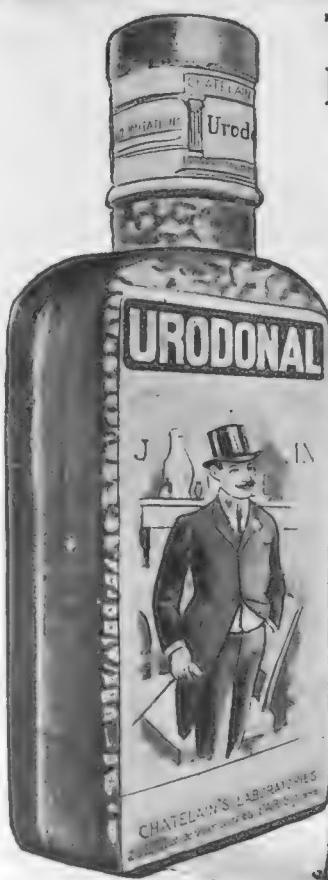
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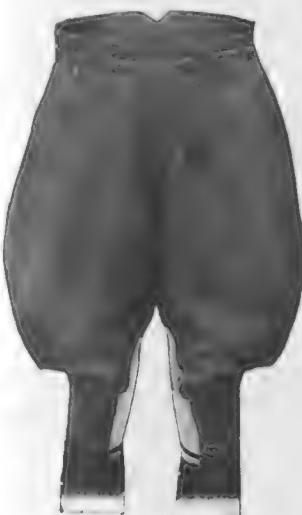
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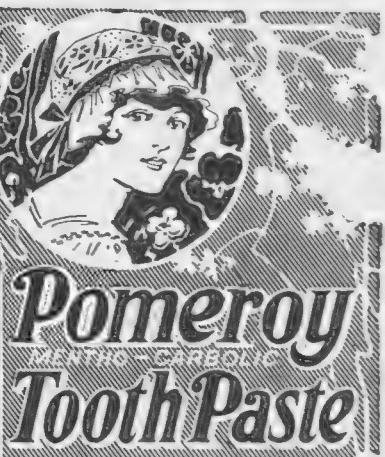
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1/-
a tube.



Receptacles. Bags are much smaller—let not your spirits arise in consequence, they are no cheaper. They are made of beautiful embroideries on velvet and silk, and are, as one can see by a visit to the bag department at Debenham and Freebody's, in infinite variety and of astonishing daintiness and beauty. Perhaps it is because women armed with large bags were regarded with suspicion as possible food-hoarders that the favour of fashion has fallen on those of smaller size. Pockets are also leaving us—whether for a similar reason who shall say? It seems more likely that their retirement is caused by a return to something more like divinity in the female form than the bundle with a band round the middle that has obtained. Anyway, neither outer nor inner pockets were likely to be too well lined.

Women Must Work. "Tell the fat virgin to come on and make the most of herself." Such was the stage direction to the one lady who had not gone on strike in a play called "Vesta's Temple," at which I once laughed myself into a state of hysterical helplessness. That, I think, will have to be the agitators' directions to the one or two A.S.E.s who want to betray their glorious profession by downing tools when their country's extremity can be made their opportunity. There were plenty of them ready to bluff, but very few ready to betray. The four thousand women workers were sound enough in their promise to support the Government. What a triumph it would be for our sex could they strike strikes out of the curriculum of labour! We know that they can knock sparks off nothing, and there must be some way to harmony in work, if only women could find it.

Fashions as They Will Be. The inner woman interests have been in the ascendant; but when spring comes along—and there are those who look to give this revivifying season an early welcome—the thoughts of our sex,

even in war-time, turn to spring fashions. One thing is sure—there is to be a definite alteration in outline, because the corset-makers have been for some time busy. Such ahead-of-the-times houses as Harrods have been getting the new models. One has to begin the latest fashion at the corset. You cannot build a Georgian mansion on an American iron-hotel framework; neither can you make a frock moulded on long and closer lines, with curves that are not green, look well over corsets of an uncompromising straightness and wideness. Harrods usher in the foundations of fashions as they will be with the newest corsets.

What's in a Name?

Frenchwomen working for their army regarded our W.A.A.C.s, when they first appeared among them in uniform and full of spirits, dubiously. Soldiers they knew, and women they knew; but the mixture they knew not. They themselves toiled without uniform and without discipline or organisation. Now they admire the neat, suitably

attired, well-mannered W.A.A.C.s immensely, and have invented for them the pet name of "Tomettes." The Air Service women are given the name of "Penguins," because, although they have wings, they are not to fly. This is the Air Service men's name for them, probably as a thank-offering that they cannot fly away—that being preserved, in the Service, as a manly monopoly. Wait until we exercise our vote, oh ye airy triflers!

The Forward Forelock.

Age cannot wither her who takes the old gentleman with the scythe the right way, and prepares to resist his unwelcome attentions in the way of wrinkles and skin worries. The possession and constant use of Cyclax Skin Food is a regular barrage against raids by Time's scythe. It nourishes the tissues, and whitens and softens the skin, and so builds up the flesh that wrinkles disappear. Those who go regularly to 58, South Molton Street for their weapons of defence against Time know the Cyclax Skin Food as the Balm of Balms. There are other preparations—some remedy for every ill the feminine skin is heir to—and experts at hand to determine which of them will be best for the particular ill of each individual skin. The old gentleman whose forelock is always poking itself in never goes near 58, South Molton Street—the defences are too sure!

The Woman's Kit. Saccharine-boxes instead of cigarette-cases—perish the thought! The woman who wants the full flavour of her cigarette wants black coffee with it, and wants that coffee sweet. Therefore she must have a little smart sugar-box as well as a cigarette-case. Saccharine does not generally appeal, and crystals of sugar are easily carried. Our equipment will soon equal Tommy's—cigarette-case, match-box or patent lighter, sugar-box, powder-box and puff, with such parcels as we are politely requested to carry thrown in! According to one evening paper, a "sugar-satchel" has been seen.

What Dainty Women Like.

The lady in the potted novel who disguised herself by a spot on her veil will be able to manage better with the large patterns that will be the vogue with

spring hats. She can give herself quite a painless black eye, or she can confer upon her face the order of a broken nose. Should she have any particular fancy for a hirsute appendage on lip or chin, she can always simulate it by the veil pattern. The fashion, as it will certainly be exaggerated, will sometimes be grotesque. Where, however, the prettiest and most becoming veils may be seen is at Marshall and Snelgrove's. These are the really nice ones, pleasant to wear, and making the very best of the face beneath. They are, it need not be said of such a shop, in the very latest murmur of fashion; but they are free from exaggeration, and are just what dainty women like.



THE CHARM OF THE JUMPER.

The high fur-trimmed collar and the touches of Oriental embroidery form the distinctive notes of the original jumper shown on the left. It is of navy-blue georgette, trimmed with dark-red beads and skunk. The embroidery is in all shades. The jumper at the top of the page is of cream ninon and gold cored ribbon. A cape effect is obtained in black-and-gold brocade, edged with skunk. The figure on the right shows yet another original idea for a jumper. It is carried out in dark grey ninon, with silver grey fox fur and crimson and gold embroidery.



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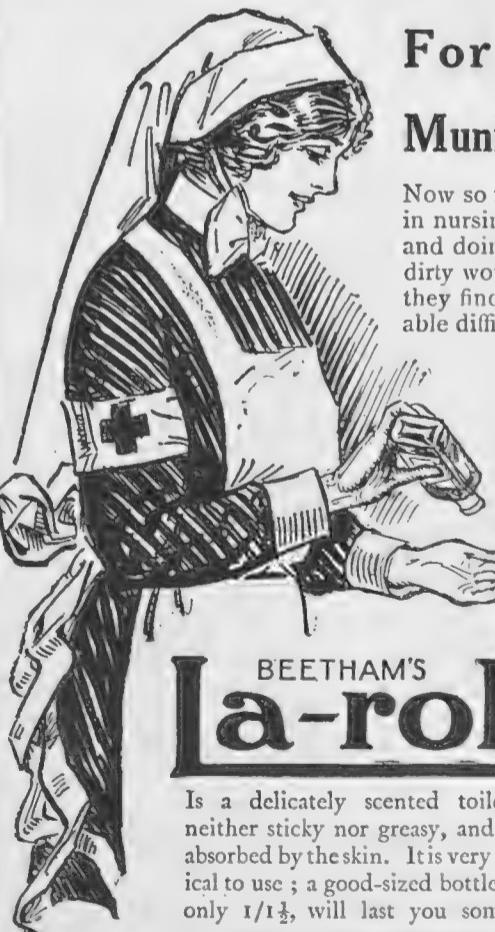
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FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS AND TEST PILOTS.

By C. G. GREY, *Editor of "The Aeroplane."*

PERHAPS the most remarkable thing about the present state of aviation, as compared with this time a year ago and with this time two years ago, is the general cheeriness of the active-service aviators. By active-service aviators one means the people who really do the flying and fighting, both at home and abroad, and at sea as well.

Office Worries. One leaves out the people in both Flying Services who either do not fly at all or who have to fly without fighting. They have some excuse for not being continually joyous. Office work is worrying work at best; and when you have to fight heavy engagements on the Strand Front with official people who get in the way of progress, or who want to progress in the wrong direction, or who want your own particular job for themselves or for their best friend, then the worry becomes excruciating and your work suffers in consequence.

In the "Olden" Days. The people who fly without fighting

have pretty nearly as bad a time, for it means that they are either instructing the young idea or testing and experimenting with new types of aeroplanes. Either is pretty deadly work. In the old, old days of slow aeroplanes, which could only fly early in the morning or late in the evening, before the wind had got up or after it had gone down, instructors of flying schools had jobs which were the acme of bliss for a constitutionally lazy man. He made one fearful effort, got up early, did about two hours' work, and then slept all day, till that nice period after tea when even the laziest feels energetic. And quite a good deal of the time he spent on the ground merely telling the pupils how it was done.

Troubles of Instructors. In these strenuous days of fast aeroplanes the school instructor has to spend most of his day

behind pupils, hanging on to a supplementary control-lever or wheel and pushing a supplementary rudder-bar to correct the pupil's mistakes. And the worst of it is that the modern school aeroplane flies in almost any sort of weather, so the poor chap gets precious little rest. Incidentally, although he is quite well paid, he has no chance of distinguishing himself, and little enough chance of promotion. As one instructor put it, when asked what he had been doing for the last six months, "I've been sitting for six hours a day behind a lot of comic quirks, watching their knuckle-bones come through the skin as they try to squeeze the sap out of the wheel." Perhaps one had better explain that a "quirk," in R.N.A.S. language, is a would-be Flight-Sub-Lieutenant, latterly known officially as a Probationary Flight-Officer, and that lie is at first generally so nervous that he grips his control-wheel with the energy of despair instead of playing with it between his fingers as one plays with the wheel of a well-designed car. He gets over it in time, but by that time the instructor has started teaching half-a-dozen of his successors. Hence the tired cynicism of the instructor, individually and as a class.

Test-Pilots and Their Woes.

As for the test-pilot, he, perhaps, has a more amusing time, but he also is apt to become cynical about the intelligence of his fellow-men. Wonderful new aeroplanes and engines are sent for him to test. They have been approved by all the best technical people. They have been tried out, as our friends the Americans say, by the civilian test-pilots employed by the firms who have built them. And they arrive in a cloud of legends and rumours about their wonderful speed, or their astounding rate of climb, or the extraordinary load of bombs they will carry, or the startling way they will manoeuvre in an air fight. Then the test-pilot gets to work with specially calibrated instruments and the latest scientific gadgets with which to obtain the true measurements of these performances.

Up he goes on one of the new marvels, and he finds either that somebody's instruments were all wrong or that somebody could not do simple arithmetic, and calculated all his results upside down or put the decimal point in the wrong place, and that the machine which was going to stop the war could not stop a crow from passing it in the air. Or else he finds what is, perhaps, even more disappointing — namely, that, though the latest thing is really very good indeed, it is

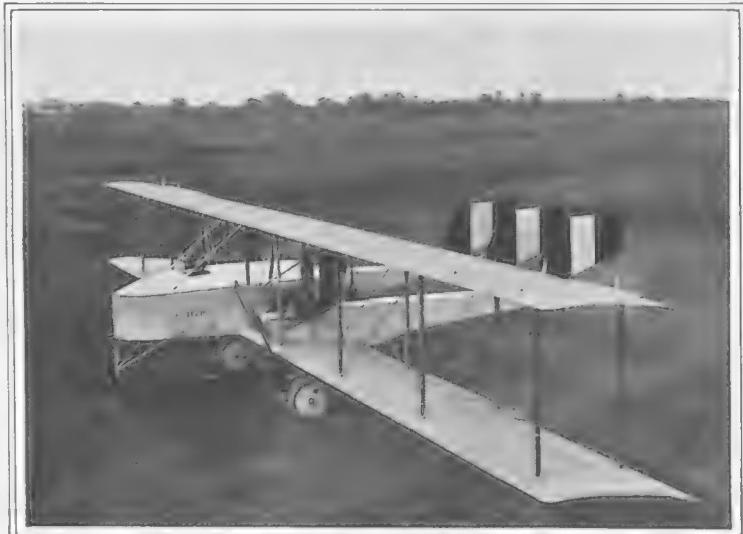
not quite sufficiently an improvement on the previous best for the same job to make it worth while to build it as a standard type war-machine.

The Real Thing at Last.

Consequently, the test-pilot reaches a state of disillusionment which does not tend towards general cheerfulness. Nevertheless, his lot is alleviated once in a while by the appearance of the real thing. After a series of failures or not-quite-good-enoughs, the machine for which everyone has been hoping actually arrives. It does actually outpace everything in the sky, it does climb faster than the best of its class, and it does really show that British aeroplane-designers have not forgotten how to beat the Hun at building aeroplanes. Then the sun shines and life is once more worth living for the test-pilot. He goes out and beats all the world's records for the type, and feels that, after all, the Flying Services are going to win the war. And then probably, just when he is completely happy, and has sent in an enthusiastic report to Headquarters, some clumsy ass — also a test-pilot — takes the machine out and crashes it, generally without himself being hurt as he deserves. However, it does not really matter much, because, if the official tests have proved that the machine is all right, more of it are ordered, and the people on active service get them in the end just the same.



A FAMOUS FRENCH TYPE: A BREGUET BIPLANE IN FLIGHT AT AN AERODROME ON THE MARNE FRONT.—[French Official Photograph.]



ONE OF ITALY'S MONSTER AEROPLANES: A CAPRONI BIPLANE STARTING FOR A FLIGHT.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Good Work by Stay-at-Homes.

Amidst one's admiration for the gallantry of the people who do the air fighting and active-service flying generally, one is a trifle apt to forget the good work done by those who have the thankless but necessary tasks at home. Which is why one has made so bold as to give them pride of place in this brief discourse. One hopes later to explain just why the active-service pilots are so pleased with themselves in these days.

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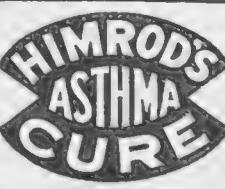
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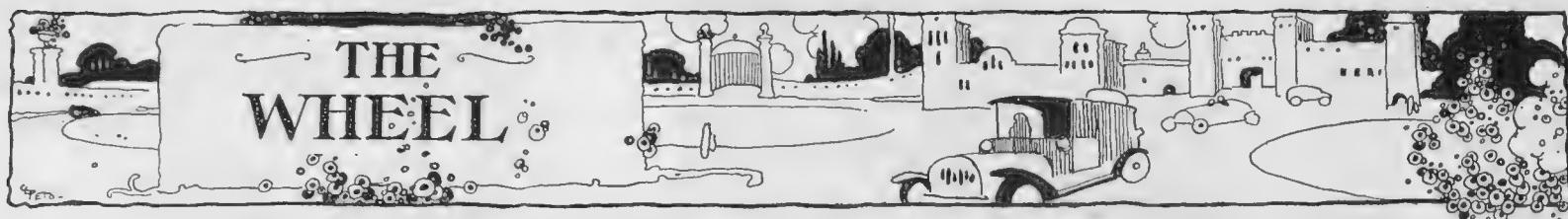
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"It Worked Like a Charm" writes a clergyman who had suffered from Asthmatic affection for fifty years.

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

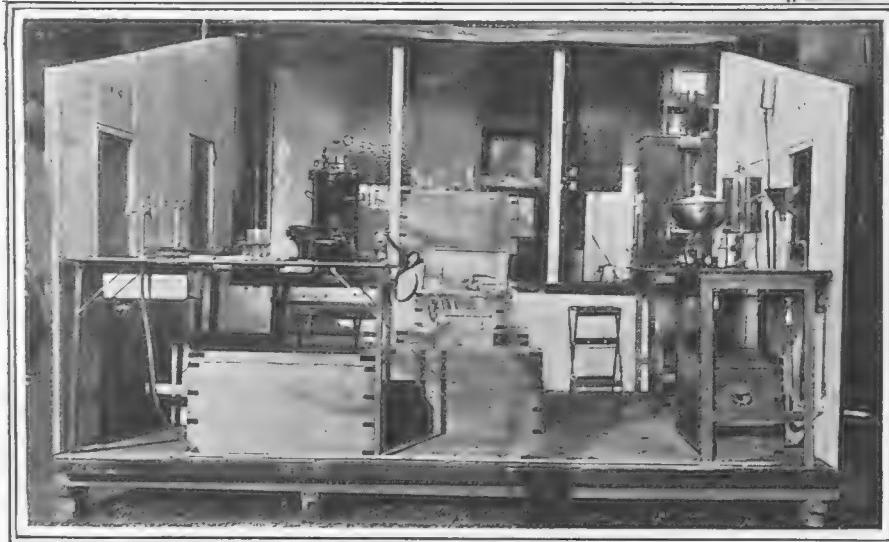


THE PATRIOTIC RECORD OF THE R.A.C.: A LORRY V. SUBMARINE YARN: PETROL.

The R.A.C. and War Work.

After a lapse of three years and a-half, the Royal Automobile Club has issued a statement of the war work which it has performed during that period, and the record is as honourable in kind as it is formidable in dimensions. Immediately after the declaration of war the Club offered the organisation of all its departments to the War Office and the Admiralty. It compiled a register of 13,000 car-owners for emergency purposes, supplied cars by day and night to the War Office and the Admiralty, carried officers with despatches to and from the seaboard, and also King's Messengers. At twenty-four hours' notice, it organised and sent to France a detachment of twenty-five owner-drivers, with their cars, to be attached to G.H.Q., and sent another forty-six for service with the Royal Naval Division. A further detachment was established at Boulogne. The Club's engineering staff was lent to the War Office to value impressed cars and lorries, and to examine and provide drivers in hundreds for the M.T. section of the A.S.C. A large portion of the premises was handed over to the Red Cross Society, and the headquarters of that body have remained there throughout the war. Honorary membership of the Club was extended to every officer of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and to all other Overseas officers as they arrived. The Club's property at Woodcote Park, Epsom, was lent as a training camp for the University and Public Schools Brigade, and subsequently as a convalescent camp on a large scale.

Twenty-Five Million Miles. All this was effected before the end of 1914, since when the various spheres of activity above enumerated have been maintained and extended, while among new activities was the creation of an Owner-Drivers' War Service, which has already completed 25,000,000 miles. By the end of 1916 the Overseas officers enrolled as honorary members amounted to 3000.



FOR SAVING SOLDIERS' LIVES—A MOTOR BACTERIOLOGICAL LABORATORY PRESENTED TO THE WAR OFFICE: INTERIOR VIEW OF THE ANNEXE, AFTER REMOVAL OF ONE END.

The laboratory equipment comprises incubators, microscopes and balances, autoclave, centrifuge, etc., hot chambers, Pasteur oven, microtome, ice-chest for test samples, complete electric outfit, staff accommodation, and innumerable accessories. The laboratory, as a whole, can be put together or packed for transport in two hours.

In 1917 the Club was commandeered as an Officers' Club, and they have occupied 51,663 beds in ten months and been served with over 200,000 meals. A tariff was arranged, moreover, by which officers could live at the Club for 10s. a day—in itself no small boon. Throughout the war the committee-rooms and the great gallery have been lent to numerous war organisations, and the photographic studio has prepared 23,000 photographs for Red Cross and passport purposes. It is worthy of note, moreover, that—although under agreement with the War Office authority—the R.A.C. has no subsidy, nor is any part of its work charged to the public funds. The whole of the expenses are borne out of its own resources, and no entrance-fee or subscription is asked for or paid by any officer serving in Colonial units. Over 7000 Overseas officers are now enrolled, and the cost of each to the Club is from £2 2s. to £2 10s. It is only fair to the Club to add that the Colonial Secretary,

Mr. Walter Long, has expressed the "deep gratitude" of the Dominions and Colonies for all that it has done in behalf of the officers from overseas; and that Sir Francis Lloyd, for the War Office, has testified to the public spirit of the membership in no uncertain terms.

The Dissection of Rumours.

Nothing could well be more superfluous than the remark that war-time rumours are rarely to be credited; from the days of the mythical Russians downwards there have been object-lessons enough and to spare of the unwise of believing even what may be in everybody's mouth. None the less, it is interesting at times to the journalist, at all events, to note the way in which confirmation comes at last of stories which he may have been given on good authority, and are *prima facie* credible, but which his own good sense precludes him from publishing, because, the more true they are, the less desirable it is that the enemy should know the facts. Submarine yarns, for example, one could spin by the hour; but they are naturally the



FOR SAVING SOLDIERS' LIVES—A MOTOR BACTERIOLOGICAL LABORATORY PRESENTED TO THE WAR OFFICE: EXTERIOR VIEW, INCLUDING THE ANNEXE.

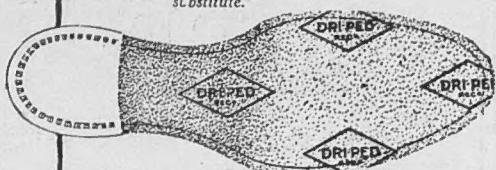
To provide means of applying emergency bacteriological tests in connection with sick and wounded soldier cases, a completely equipped motor laboratory has been presented to the War Office by Mr. H. S. Wellcome, of the Wellcome Scientific Research Bureau. The body of the car and its annexe form a self-contained laboratory, completely equipped, and with the contents secured against damage during transport in war conditions.

very last thing to be disclosed until the Admiralty sees fit to lift the veil. This has now been effected in respect of a particularly good one which I heard of several weeks ago. It had a truly Munchausen flavour, for it concerned the sinking of a submarine by a motor-lorry! All the same, the motor-lorry did the trick. It was on the deck of a munitions ship which was blown up by a U-boat, and, when the magazine exploded, the heavy lorry pitched plumb on to the submarine and sank it. Simultaneously with the official publication of this entertaining story comes a definite disclosure of the facts concerning our dummy fleet. In the early days of the war I learned that merchantmen were being "camouflaged" as grey-coated ironclads down Gravesend way, and the obvious deduction was that they were intended to be used as decoys; but the secret has been kept for three years or more.

One Way of Obtaining Petrol.

For a car-owner to obtain petrol nowadays is even more difficult than for the proverbial camel to pass through the needle's eye. But I know of one case in which a man attained the desired end in a way that was at once ingenious and legitimate. He invented a promising device which he was asked to experiment with over a lengthy period—in other words, by a test to destruction. This could only be carried out by means of a car; consequently, he received an allowance of petrol, and can go about with the consciousness that he is perfecting something for his country's good with every mile he travels. The moral for the car-owner, therefore, is "Invent some improvement in motor design which is good enough to command itself to the Inventions Board."

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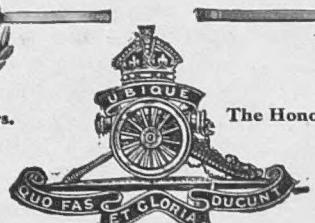
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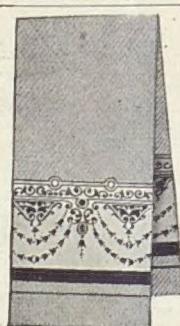
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